ANOTHER HOLLYWOOD "DATE TEST"

Silver Screen

1938

September

10c



Bette Davis

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE STAR



If you want the truth, go to a child

LATELY, Jepson had felt himself slipping as a salesman. He couldn't seem to land the big orders; and he was too proud to go after the little ones. He was discouraged and mystified.

Finally, one evening, he got the real truth from his little boy. You can always depend on a child to be outspoken on subjects that older people avoid.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. The entire mouth feels invigorated.

Get in the habit of using Listerine every morning and night. And between times before social and business engagements. It's the fastidious thing to do. *Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*



Two's Company

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



She evades all close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

IT'S immensely and vitally important—that first impression...when *boy* meets *girl*—when man meets woman.

And the first smile she gives him should be a quick flash of sheer beauty—white teeth in a healthy mouth.

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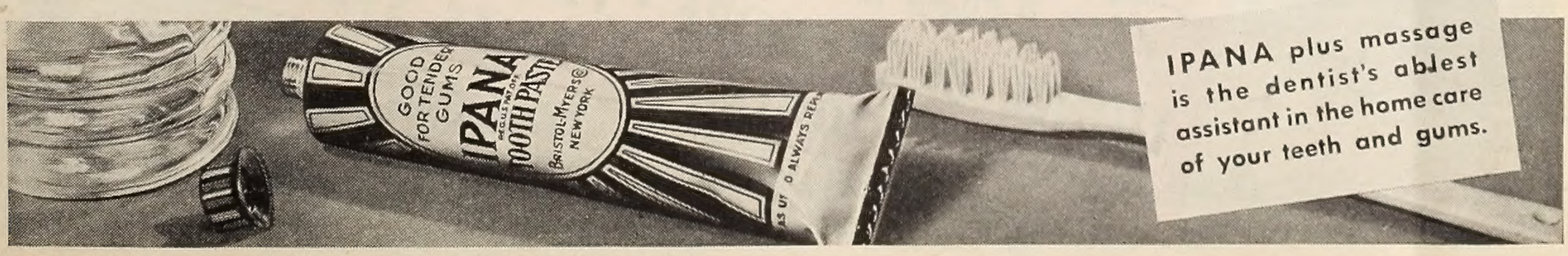
NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

For the sake of your own good looks and good health—go directly to your dentist whenever you see that tinge of "pink." It may be a symptom of a serious gum trouble. But it is far more likely to be a simple warning of gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—gums that will quickly respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

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AMERICA'S GORGEOUS GIRL FRIEND

meets

AMERICA'S NEWEST HEART THROB



"No Man Who Kisses You Once Will Ever Be Content . . ."



Joan's romantic companions (in addition to Bob Taylor) are M-G-M's latest discovery, James Stewart... handsome Melvyn Douglas *(both below)*...and—on the screen together for the first time since their marriage — Franchot Tone *(above)*.



M-G-M TOPS ITS BIGGEST

Six Headline Stars in the New Spectacular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Drama

Robert Taylor meets Joan Crawford—in the sizzling story of an outrageous flirt who couldn't make her heart behave. She defied conventions and slanderous tongues to live her romantic life to the hilt! Three men are tangled in the web of her enchantment in Samuel Hopkins Adams' story, and what a whale of a picture M-G-M has made of it!



Joan CRAWFORD IN *Robert* TAYLOR

Clarence Brown's Production

The GORGEOUS HUSSY

LIONEL BARRYMORE • FRANCHOT TONE

MELVYN DOUGLAS • JAMES STEWART

Directed by

CLARENCE BROWN

Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

JUL 31 1936 ©CIB 307885

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Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
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ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

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COVER PORTRAIT OF BETTE DAVIS BY MARLAND STONE

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

The Opening Chorus



James Stewart

James Stewart

A Letter from Liza

DEAR BOSS:

Well, you and Al Vanderbilt and other horse-lovers may have your own ideas about "dead heat," but to me "dead heat" is a hundred in the shade, and no shade, and no breeze, and all my friends muttering in their beards, "earthquake weather" . . . though really I haven't any friends with beards; Von Sternberg has one but he isn't my friend. And it has been "dead heat" here for days and days now so you couldn't blame me too much, now could you really (Lines to be read with a bit of feminine wile) if I ducked the office the other day to go swimming with the boys down at Joan Crawford's old swimmin' hole? Of course Joan's old swimmin' hole happens to be the most beautiful pool in Hollywood, and equipped like an Abercrombie & Fitch dream. Harold Lloyd's has more lights but Joan's water ponies have more savoir faire.

Now I don't suppose I could expect you, the rock-bound coast of Maine, to be jealous, but just think of all the hundreds of thousands of sweet young things who graduated in fine arts this summer who would have given their diplomas to have been in my shoes, and not very large either, the afternoon I went dipping with Gary Cooper, Bob Taylor, Henry Fonda, Jimmy Stewart, Franchot Tone and Francis Lederer. Lucky me? Oh, not so lucky. Mrs. Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck were there. Henry Fonda I discovered is the American Boy type. With Rodeo methods he conquered and rode water ponies that had never been ridden before. No dawdling for Henry, he was all over the pool trying everything. His side-kick and house-sharer, Jimmy Stewart, is more the relaxing type for he seemed of a mind to sit on the side of the pool and talk about embarrassing moments in the theatre, doors that don't open, phones that don't ring, pianos that don't play. Maybe it was because he was all tired out on account he is doing so much dancing with Eleanor Powell now, both at the studio and at the Trocadero. Franchot Tone is definitely not an out-door man. One quick dash across the pool and Franchot seemed only too glad to get back into his clothes and retire to the quiet of the library to discuss World Problems with Francis Lederer. Gary I should say is the cautious type. (My, my, did he look handsome in his trunks.) Before taking any wild plunges on receding platoons Gary wanted to know the results, and we conservatives can't blame him for that. Bob Taylor couldn't be persuaded to leave Barbara Stanwyck long enough to get himself wet. It must be *lerve*.

Liza

Studio News

A Visit To The Movie Sets With—

S. R. Mook



Elizabeth Patterson watches Wallace Beery gorge himself on watermelon in "Old Hutch." These two ought to make a swell team.

THE dog days are upon us and even the studios are wilting under the heat. Of them all, only M-G-M and Paramount are really active. In fact, M-G-M is so active that the department this month will be little else.

At M-G-M

FIRST, there is "The Good Earth" which goes on and on, like Tennyson's brook. Today they are on a massive set. It is the courtyard of the rich woman's home—the woman who gave Luise Rainer her freedom so she could marry Paul Muni. When they were married the rich woman told her to bring her first born to see her. It is the Chinese New Year and Luise is bringing the baby to call. When Muni came to this house to fetch Luise as a bride, all the other servants jeered. But they have prospered and today as she walks down the courtyard of the house where she was formerly a servant, there are many ohs and ahs.

The keeper of the gate, who admits her, is Charles Law, a portly Chinese gentleman from San Francisco, who was brought down to play this rôle. There is a vast difference between the Rainer who played the glamourous *Anna Held* in "The Great Ziegfeld" and the drab, unattractive Chinese girl she plays in this picture. But she has charm and it is a tribute to her artistry that she can play two such widely different characters and make them both convincing.

There is no dialogue in this scene. The gate opens, Mr. Law sees who it is, admits her and she follows him down the walk to the big house carrying the baby in her arms. On the short walk the baby falls asleep—actually.

I take one last look at the massive walls about this place and saunter over to the stage where Joan Crawford and Melvyn Douglas are acting in "The Gorgeous Hussy."

This is a story of Peggy O'Neal—famous during President Jackson's administration. She has loved Douglas all her life but he is much older than she and for a long time he doesn't regard her seriously. Suddenly he discovers he loves her, too. They plan to be married. But Douglas stands for States' Rights and President Jackson believes authority should be vested in a central government. He tells Joan it will likely cause a civil war if she marries Douglas—she is that important.

"I thought," Joan tells Douglas, "Uncle Andy was bluffing when he told me he needed me—when he asked me to—to—choose between you and my country. But he wasn't. Calhoun made that clear to me this afternoon."

"Let's not talk about Calhoun or Jackson or Dan Webster's constitution," Douglas smiles, sinking into a chair by the fireplace. "Let's talk about how much we love each other."

"But I can't turn my back on everything I have ever believed in," Joan protests, dropping on her knees beside him, "on what I think best for the country I have loved even longer than I've loved you."

"We've waited so long," Melvyn pleads. "We've misunderstood so much about each other. Be in love with me, Margaret. Forget about mobilization, secession, state rights."

"I couldn't forget them any more than I could forget my love for you," she replies quietly, rising and walking to the window where she stands looking out, the late evening sun catching her hair and making halations on it.

"And now and then we could play husband and wife, couldn't we?" Douglas suggests, a new note creeping into his voice, "when we weren't occupied playing political opponents."

"How much simpler," Joan sighs, "if we were political allies."

"But you've just said you couldn't desert Jackson," he reminds her.

"I don't intend to," she answers, "but, oh, John, perhaps you could give up a little state for a great country. Perhaps you could learn to prefer twenty-four United States."

"In other words," he sneers, "an exchange. In other words, everything I valued for—for you. Is that Jackson's idea of a bargain?"

"Jackson has nothing to do with it," she cries.

"But you can't ask me to make that choice," he protests, "my convictions, my beliefs. They're a man's reason for being. They are his birthright."

"So are mine," she says simply.

"But you're a woman—and in love. Or aren't you? Maybe this is what you really mean: that you don't love me?"

[*Continued on page* 10]


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"No," she smiles sadly, "that isn't what I mean."

"We seem to have reached an impasse again, haven't we?" Douglas says quietly. "Something's got to give way. Either our love or our convictions. I'm afraid the choice is still with you, Margaret."

"I've tried to choose you, John," she whispers, "but I can't—if it means giving the other up."

"I'm sorry," Melvyn rejoins curtly, "but, you see, in my way, I'm loyal, too. I have no other choice."

Joan sees there is no point in discussing the matter further. "May I have a glass of sherry, John?" she asks suddenly.

"Of course," he says in a surprised tone as he pours it for her.

She takes a sip. "Haven't you changed your brand?"

"Why?" he parries.

"It just seemed different," she explains.

"Perhaps, a little bitter?" he suggests meaningly.

"Oh, no," bravely, "it's—it's very nice."

It's a long scene but they go through it without a break.

Joan is a perfect picture in her lovely dress. I understand she has had this gown copied for use in her personal wardrobe, and I don't blame her. She has never worn anything more becoming.

What a difference her marriage has made in her. Joan has always been friendly to people but she seems warmer and more human now. All those inner torments that used to characterize her and show in her face have disappeared.

Douglas is married to Helen Gahagan. We chat for a few moments about her recent appearance on the coast in the title rôle of "The Merry Widow."

"We may put it on in New York this fall," he observes. If you do, Mr. Douglas, you may be sure of selling at least one ticket if I have to make the trip to New York for no other purpose than seeing it.

Speculating on this pleasant possibility, I barge on to the next set and there is Joe Santley directing "We Went to College." I've told you about Joe often enough, God knows, but I'm always afraid I'll catch a new reader who doesn't know. He used to be the best musical comedy juvenile in New York and now he's one of the best directors in Hollywood—under contract to R-K-O and on loan to M-G-M for this picture. When a studio borrows a director, you *know* he's good.



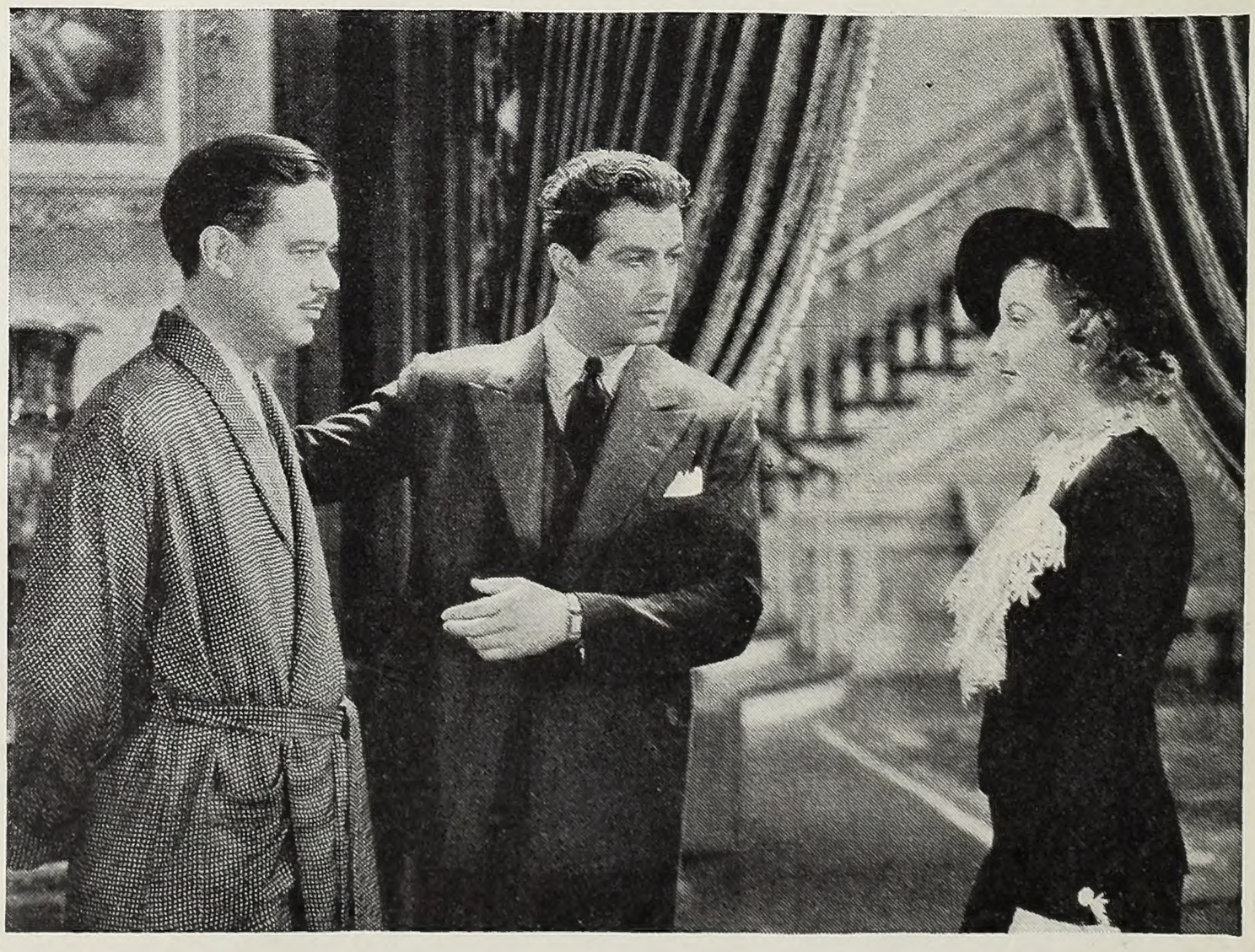
In "The Good Earth," Luise Rainer brings her first born back to her old home.

This is about a class reunion. From the looks of things it has been many years since any of them went to college. The reunion class is putting on a play—*Othello*—and Una Merkel (all done up in a gold metal cloth gown with red velvet puff sleeves is sitting at a make-up table fixing her lips. Frank Sully in black-face (but without his wig), who evidently plays the title rôle, is standing by as Walter Abel, in evening clothes, is talking.

"Now, when *I* played *Othello,*" Walt begins, grabbing Sully's sword out of the scabbard and flourishing it around, "*I* used to do it this way: Nature would not have endowed—invested herself, I mean—in such shadowy passions without some instructions. It is not words that shake me thus. Pish!" with a particularly vicious swipe at the air.

"Ooh!" Una gives a little scream and then goes on with her make-up.

"Noses, eyes, lips!" Mr. Abel hisses, going on with his oration. "Is it possible? Oh, devil!" He leans against a table, gasping heavily.



John Eldredge, Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck in a scene from "His Brother's Wife."

"Don't you think that's a trifle hammy?" Sully suggests.

"Yes!" Mr. Abel agrees promptly and then realizes what Sully has said. "No!" he corrects himself hastily.

Then Una turns around—towards the camera. "Johnny," she addresses Mr. Sully, "at the end when I die it isn't necessary for you to fall on me so hard. I'm black and blue from rehearsals."

"It isn't my fault you never die twice in the same place," he defends himself, "but who does?"

Una decides to abandon that subject. "Johnny," she begs sweetly, "be a dear and get my wig for me, will you?"

"All right," he agrees. "I hope they've curled that awful thing," he hopes as he goes out the door. "It looked like an old, tired mop yesterday."

"These amateurs," Una sniffs, going on with her lips.



Melvyn Douglas and Joan Crawford in "The Gorgeous Hussy," a story of Andrew Jackson's time.

Abel hastily crosses and closes the door and then sits on the edge of her make-up table. All at once he spies a stick of make-up. "Ah," gleefully smearing his face with it, "grease-paint!"

Of course, this is a travesty and hilariously funny. Mr. Abel is such a good actor he can play a ham without being one and Una is always great. Originally the travesty was on "Romeo and Juliet" but with over a million dollars invested in la Shearer's idea of "Romeo and Juliet" they didn't want to take any chances of having that picture laughed at. So they're re-making this part and burlesquing "Othello."

"How're the folks?" I ask Santley when the scene is finished.

"Joe, Jr. is in England," he boasts.

"Who'd he go with?" I ask.

"By himself," Joe snaps. "He's eighteen."

"Eighteen!" I repeat incredulously and glance around. It seems everyone on the set is watching. "It seems only yesterday," I proclaim, "I'd got that scooter for my sixth birthday and when I came home my mother told me you were a proud father."

"You never had any scooter, your mother didn't know anything about it and if you were ever six when anybody in my family was born it was when *I* came into the world," he squelches me. "I'll show you up, you would-be juvenile."

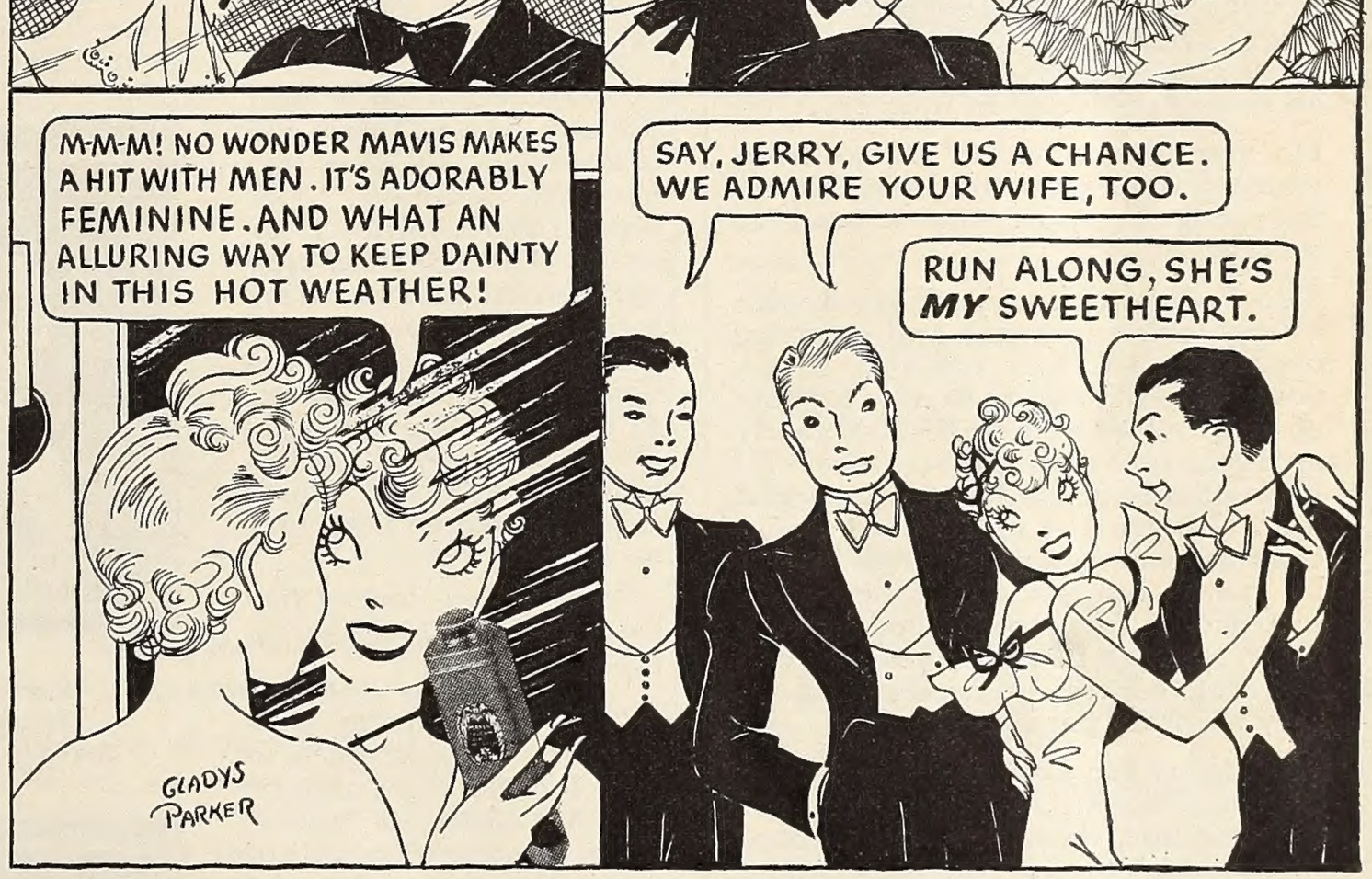
I glance miserably at Una but she, the dear that she is, ignores Joe's vicious thrusts and smiles. "Call me up," she invites.

Naturally, by this time I'm too utterly

[*Continued on page* 78]

'SWEETHEARTS FOREVER'

—when she learned—



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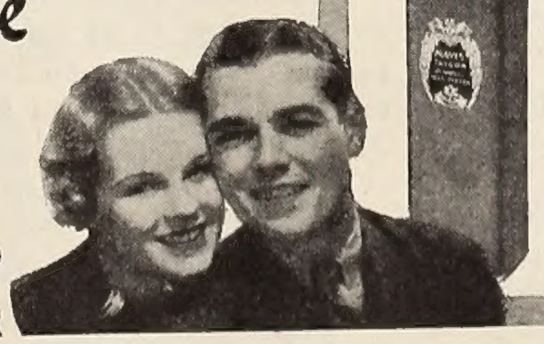
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"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"

The authors of the Fifty Best Letters received this month will win beautiful, original photographs, framed under glass. The photographs will be inscribed to the winners and signed by the stars. Use the coupon.

"AFTER seeing James Stewart for the first time (but not the last) I have definitely decided he is my favorite. He is so completely lovable. He is the tops where I'm concerned," writes Pauline Maret of Naval Avenue, Bremerton, Wash. "There is nothing I want more than a personally autographed picture of James Stewart. In my estimation he is—well, he is simply swell. There is lots more I could say but please, isn't this enough for a picture?"

Any more might be superfluous!

"YOU CAN have your Taylors, Eddys, Tones, and MacMurrays, I'll take that handsome mutineer, Clark Gable," writes Shirley Touster of West 83rd St., New York, N. Y. "Besides having a technique with the ladies that makes my heart go flip-flop, Clark is a No. 1 actor, witness the nomination for the Academy Award for two consecutive years. Three cheers for Gable! Long may he act!"

Don't worry—loyalty like yours will keep him right on top of the heap.

"I WISH Jeanette MacDonald were quintuplets so that I could see and hear her five times as often," writes Blanche Fornaroli of Seminole Ave., Detroit, Mich. "This universal favorite has everything—beauty of face and figure, a glorious voice, talent, personality and style.

"It's grand to see that Miss MacDonald is finally being cast in the splendid pictures that she so justly deserves."

The Quints would get upstage if they could appreciate the comparison.

JOAN LAMPEL of North Vidal St., Sornia, Ont., Canada writes: "Hats off to



Margaret Sullavan's photo, won by Jean Young.



Patsy Kelly's photo, won by Martye McKaskile.



Ronald Colman's photo, won by Bernice Hand.

Ginger Rogers! Her versatility is amazing. She can act, dance, and sing better than anyone else on the screen. Her beauty of face is 'utterly devastating,' and her lovely figure (it is *not* too thin!) inspires envy and admiration everywhere. She's the top."

And she doesn't have to diet either.

"I WANT to write about Jeanette MacDonald because she has been a real trouper throughout her whole career," writes Florence Witte of Tholozan Ave., St. Louis, Mo. "Five years ago she was playing in the worst pictures that they could pick for her, but she didn't give up acting. She went to Paris for a concert tour and returned to be a grand success, as her recent pictures have proven.

"Now I'm waiting for her to reach the Metropolitan Grand Opera, because I think that is her ambition and I know that she has the ability to succeed. Good luck to you, Jeanette."

She's practicing her high C's right now!

"FOR DAYS I have been trying my utmost to tone up a musical enough description of my very especial favorite, Franchot Tone, to win a picture of him," writes Kathlyn Spirito-Santo, of Elizabeth St., Houtzdale, Pa. I have not been very successful because what I have to say about him isn't flowery or elaborate or even brilliant. . . . It's simply that Franchot, to my way of thinking, can hold his own with any actor in the world of glitter and glamour.

"Even if this letter doesn't win a photo for me I would like very much to have Franchot Tone read it, because it has been written in all sincerity. Some time ago I wrote to him asking for a picture but I've received no

This coupon must accompany your letter. Not good after Sept. 8, 1936

Editor,
"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"
SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.
In the event that my letter is selected for a prize, I should be pleased to have a framed and inscribed photograph of

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My name is.....

Address..... City..... State.....

The fifty winners of the signed, framed photographs offered in July have been notified by mail.

answer, so I presume I addressed it wrong or else I'm not very good at writing convincing letters."

Wot d'ye mean, convincing? You get the picture!

"WHEN men cheer and women clap for an actor—he is really good! This is the case when Clark Gable thanks God after the earthquake in the film 'San Francisco.' I have seen the picture three times and I still think Gable heads the list of male stars," writes Ena Cornwell of Ventura Ave., Ventura, Calif. "I could go on forever about Gable but isn't this satisfactory to win his picture? I've tried twice already!"

You won't have to try a third!

"I HAVE wanted a picture of Franchot Tone for some time now, ever since I saw him in that great picture, 'The World Moves On,'" writes Beverly Goldstein of N. St. Louis Ave., Chicago, Ill. "He's got what you call real personality. In other words he's colossal. Give us lots more of this popular star."

So he's colossal! Where did we hear that word before?

PEARL HOLLINGSWORTH of Madison Ave., Lakewood, Ohio, writes: "You may think I'm a bit tom-boyish for liking pictures with lots of speed to them instead of liking love pictures, like girls should, but I'm here to say I just can't help it. For years I've wished I had been a boy. Why? Because then I could go speeding around a dangerous swerve in a race track in a car like the *Falcon* in 'Speed.' In that picture I had my first real view of rowdy James Stewart. Now, however, James is my favorite actor and I have seen 'Speed' four times. Now, again, I suppose you ask why? Well, here's the lowdown. I like him because he's rowdy and just plumb full of fun. There's something about him so swell that I can't describe my feelings toward him."

You win by a lap!

"SO FAR as I'm concerned Ginger Rogers is the top. She has feminine appeal and 'it,' and yet she is certainly no vampire. She has that certain something which men like and which might be termed 'a regular fellow,'" writes Fred Slack, Jr. of Capon Springs, W. Va. "In all of her pictures Ginger appears as a happy young girl, full of the fun of life, and not at all sophisticated and bored, which I, for one, am certainly getting tired of seeing.

"In closing I would like to put my plea, along with the many thousands which are probably coming in, for Ginger not to break with Fred Astaire, and to keep on making such hits as 'Top Hat' and 'Follow the Fleet' forever."

"Swing Time," their next, will have you soaring in the air.

"I MUST confess an instant devotion to James Stewart on first seeing him in pictures," writes Avis Martin of W. Monroe St., Herrin, Ill. "He is so very long, lean and lanky—someone to look up to, physically and mentally. That protruding lower lip and the mischief lurking in his eyes must awake unheard-of little devils of mischief in all he contacts. I can imagine crazy ideas springing to life and never a dull moment in his presence. I like his voice too, it has depth and warmth. His acting must be second nature to him for there's no stiltedness nor superficiality.

"I admire him because I feel that he will never grow old and stagnate, but will enjoy life to its fullest extent, come what may. Those nearest him must bask in the rays of a full and scintillating existence. And, I know that he isn't just an ordinary friend, but a true friend."

You're not alone in your admiration! We're following right along.

No girl can be too sure of her daintiness to make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If the slightest dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, it will cling to the fabric, and the warmth of your body will bring out an embarrassing "armhole odor" each time you wear the dress . . .



IF you have been taking your daintiness for granted, because you deodorize regularly, you will be wise to make this simple "armhole odor" test. You may be unpleasantly surprised!

When you take off your dress tonight, smell it at the armhole. If you have ever perspired in that dress, even slightly, you will find that the fabric at the armhole bears an unmistakable and unlovely odor . . . in spite of your careful deodorizing! The way that dress smells to *you*—is the way *you* smell to others! And the warmth of your body brings out the offending "armhole odor" each time you put on the dress!

Complete protection only in underarm dryness

It is not enough to keep your underarm *sweet*. Only a *dry* underarm can keep you and your *clothes* safe from perspiration. When there is any moisture at all, it is bound to dry on the armhole of your dress and rob you of that perfect exquisiteness that is your goal.

Thousands of users discover with relief and delight that Liquid Odorono gives *complete* protection from "armhole odor," because it definitely keeps the underarm not only sweet but perfectly *dry*.

Your doctor will tell you that Odorono works safely and gently. It merely closes the pores of the small underarm area, so that perspiration is diverted to other less confined parts of the body where it may evaporate freely without giving offense.

Saves expensive frocks

Odorono is safe for your pretty frocks, too—no grease to make them sticky and messy. It will save you too-frequent cleaner's bills and the often permanent stains that follow underarm perspiration.

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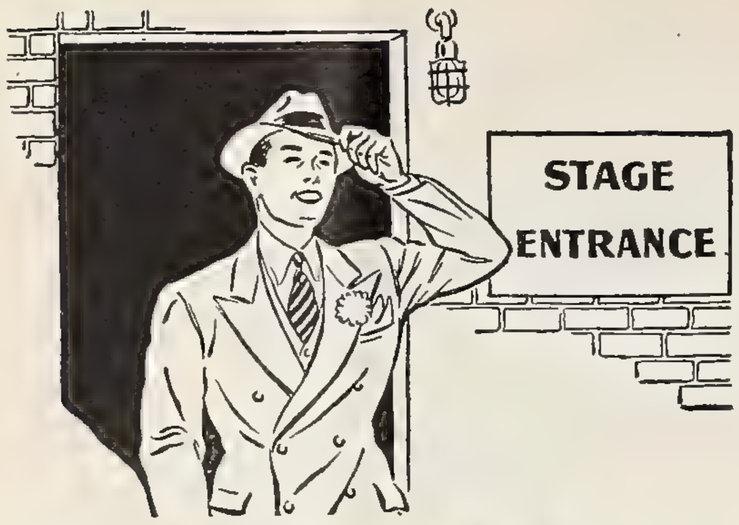
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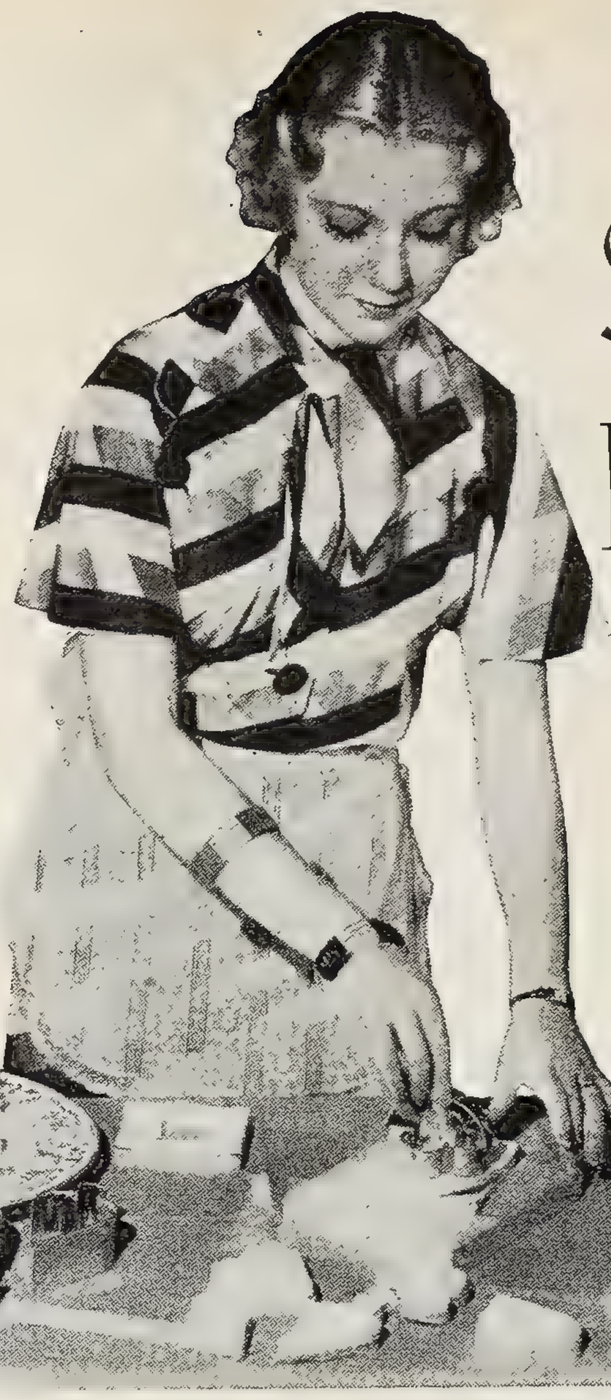
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Una Merkel is one Hollywood lovely who actually does wield the biscuit cutter.

THE SUMMER HOSTESS

When Her Husband Brings Home Unexpected Guests, She Need Not Get Flustered.

By Ruth Corbin

IT SEEMS particularly desirable at this time to talk about warm weather menus. In the first place, summer got off to a late start this year. Then, too, most housekeepers have about exhausted their ideas of what to serve by the time August rolls around and the thermometer still stands at 90 degrees or more. From then until the season changes, to make variety, ease of preparation synonymous with thriftiness taxes their ingenuity to the utmost. Everyday family meals that have nutritional value and are pleasing to both eye and palate don't "just happen." They require careful planning. I do not mean that you should take pencil and paper and lay out your menus a week at a time. I'm definitely against that. Except in rare instances I never plan more than three days ahead and my own experience proves that day-to-day planning is much more apt to bring to mind many grand recipes that would otherwise be overlooked.

Canned meats and soups are excellent aids to warm weather cooking. First, the meat is already prepared and only waits to be served in your favorite way. And most canned meats are inexpensive. Both gelatine and jello are necessary to round out attractive and practical meals. Serve some dishes hot, others cold; some foods soft and others crisp and be sure to have contrasting but not clashing colors in your dishes. All this lends variety to the table and tempts the most jaded appetites.

In that awkward moment when your husband calls that he is on his way home with a friend for dinner, as most husbands do call after all your marketing is done, what will you plan in order to give your table a festive air?

First turn out the refrigerator and see what it yields . . . cauliflower, fresh tomatoes, chopped meat you had already planned for supper; pickles, radishes, celery, etc. Your pantry yields a few other necessary canned odds and ends. It's a trick to make a hot weather menu appear inviting when you haven't much time to spend on it. But it can be done and here's how. From the above assortment a grand meal can be turned out with the minimum of time. Most of the dinner can be served on a plank in the following fashion:

Take whole tomatoes, stick a fork in them one at a time, hold over a gas blaze until small scorched or brown spots begin to appear on the peel, dip in cold water and the skins will come off quickly and easily. Cut a small slice from top of tomatoes. Scoop out some of the pulp, being careful not to break the tomatoes. For, say 6 tomatoes, take 3 tablespoons melted butter and add 1½ cups bread crumbs, tomato pulp, salt and pepper, and fill the cavities. Sprinkle the tops with bread crumbs. If you prefer you can substitute Kelloggs Corn Flakes for the bread but it will require slightly more of the flakes. Place the tomatoes in center of plank, bake in hot oven about 10 minutes. Season the chopped beef with salt, pepper, and a little grated onion if desired. Form into large circular patties. Fry in a small amount of Crisco until brown on both sides. Put a spoonful of mashed potatoes on each patty. Forced through a pastry tube they have a more attractive appearance. Brush tops with beaten egg diluted with a little milk. Remove plank from oven and arrange patties around the edge. Fill spaces around patties and tomatoes with hot cauliflower, which has been brushed with melted butter. Return plank to oven for about 15 minutes or until potatoes are a rich brown.

The method of preparation for this meal is to prepare and put potatoes and cauliflower on to boil. Next prepare stuffed tomatoes. Patties can be fixed while tomatoes are cooking in stove. While patties are frying, mash potatoes. When the completed plank is in the stove prepare your fruit cocktail for an appetizer and put in refrigerator to cool. If possible add to canned fruit any fresh berries or fruit you have on hand and color with grenadine. The radishes, celery, cucumbers, etc., can be neatly arranged on a 5-compartment dish and also put in icebox.

For dessert serve hot coffee and cherry pie, made with canned cherries, or serve a

variety of cheese. This whole meal takes a little more than an hour to prepare. In most cases the housewife will have the dessert and appetizers prepared in the morning. If, however, making the pie is a last minute event, make your pastry of either graham crackers or vanilla wafers, blended with a little butter (1/4 of a pound and 15 large wafers to an 8 inch baking dish) and water into a smooth paste. If you do this add a little flour or corn starch to your cherries to keep them from being too watery. Serve this meal to your husband's friend, and you'll have him considering matrimony with some nice girl who can duplicate your feat.

Another menu that is grand for this season of the year and that also takes little time to prepare and very little money is:

Tomato Juice Cocktail
Frogs Legs
Fresh asparagus
Small new potatoes with parsley butter
Combination green salad
Fruit jello Coffee, iced or hot

Frogs legs are at their best now and the entire cooking of a pair should not exceed five minutes. You can always cook several pairs at a time in a large skillet. The main thing to consider is to have them dry before putting them into the hot butter. They must be sprinkled with salt and pepper and rolled in cracker crumbs.

Rice is one of our cheapest foods and most of us do not realize its tremendous food value or its adaptability. Here—with the addition of half a cantaloupe filled with watermelon balls, a salad of uncooked fresh spinach and sliced hard boiled eggs, and a dessert of fruit ice cream—is a simple, wholesome meal any hostess can be proud of:

DEVILED CORNED BEEF SLICES WITH SAVORY RICE.

1 can corned beef (Heinz)
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
1/4 cup sifted bread crumbs
1 tablespoon dry mustard
3/4 cup rice
2 tablespoons cooking oil or other fat
1 onion, chopped fine
1/4 cup diced, green pepper
1 #2 can of tomatoes
1 can condensed consomme
3/4 tablespoon salt

Cut corn beef into slices about 1/4 inch thick, spread with prepared mustard. Dip meat slices in crumb mixture and allow to dry. Wash rice in 2 or 3 waters, drain, brown lightly in hot skillet. Reduce heat, add onion, green pepper. Cook 2 or 3 minutes. Add tomatoes, consomme and seasonings, cover and cook at low heat until rice is tender and liquid is absorbed, stirring occasionally. Brown meat on both sides in fat. Arrange overlapping slices of meat on hot platter, pour rice around the meat. The entire cost of this meal will not exceed 75c and it requires about 45 minutes to prepare. The salad should be served with this dressing.

1 can Tomato Soup
3/4 cup oil
1 onion cut in quarters
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup vinegar
1/4 cup sugar
2 teaspoons Lee & Perrins Sauce
2 cloves garlic

Blend, put in refrigerator until ready to serve, remove onion and garlic and pour over salad. Right here let me say that to get the best out of any salad the ingredients should never be salted, and the dressing should not be added until the moment of serving. Otherwise the salt in dressing will extract the appetizing, zestful juices and they will shortly be found reposing in a quiet pool at the bottom of the salad plate. This rule does not apply to jellied, frozen or

[*Continued on page* 75]





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This creamy mascara does away with the artificial look given by old-fashioned cake mascaras. Colors: black, brown, blue and green. Choose one to match eyes; others to match costumes...*It's French.*



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HANDS THAT TELL A STORY

They Will Fight All Your Battles—Figuratively, Of Course—When Beautifully Groomed.

By Mary Lee



Marguerite Churchill's hands are so expressive, she lets them talk for her.

HANDS that have been holding a car to the road, digging in the garden or managing the main sheet of a sail boat—you've had your share of fun but you've got to go lady-like soon! Summer's on the wane and it won't be long now until you're trigged out in smart gloves contributing your share to your owner's Fall ensemble.

So, fair lady, give a hand to beauty—two hands, in fact. Tanned they probably are, especially if the only covering you've given them has been those airy hand-crocheted gloves that were such a smart blessing in hot weather.

While your hands are still burnished bronze or mild *cafe au lait,* you should get acquainted with the grand new shades of nail polish that lend allure to darkened skin. Decidedly, sun-tanned hands should be tipped off with fingernail polish that has a brown or yellowish cast. Peggy Sage, dean of fingernail stylists, advises bisque, shrimp rust or flower-pot red shades to set off the beauty of tanned hands.

Of course, when you do an end-of-the-Summer fade-out where hands are concerned, you should change your nail polish accordingly. Pale hands look their loveliest when they're tipped off with rosy or red polishes that have a bluish cast. Such are dusty rose, cyclamen, tulip and burgundy.

You can lighten your hands with a bleaching cream if you so desire. Personally, we favor letting Nature take its course unless you're hastening the bleaching out process on the rest of your visible skin surfaces, too. If you are, give your hands exactly the same treatment you give your face. Actually, tanned skin, hands included, will fade out to normal in two or three weeks of its own accord.

Restoring softness and smoothness to weather-harshened hands is an entirely different matter, and much to be urged. Regular use of a good hand cream at the end of Summer play-time is an essential beauty rite. A very excellent re-conditioning and instantly beautifying hand cream is made by Helena Rubinstein. It's a pleasantly-scented semi-liquid in a cunning dimpled bottle that actually provides a "hand shampoo." You pour a little of it into the palm of one hand, spread it evenly over both hands and wrists—then massage. At one stage your hands will look just as if you were wearing white gloves. Then, with a little more rubbing, the cream disappears entirely into the skin, leaving your hands soft, smooth and instantly whitened. There's no trace of after-greasiness.

Always massage your fingers from the base to the tips. This stimulates the circulation to your nails and contributes much to their health.

An over-night lubricating cream is grand for eliminating roughness and providing that soft, smooth, lovely-to-touch texture. You'll get double action from this type of cream if you wear gloves at night. There's a soft, washable cotton-knit glove that is perfectly comfortable to wear and that keeps your hand cream right where it will do the most good all night long.

A marvelous little gadget for hand beauty is Pro-phy-lac-tic's new turtle hand and nail brush. It has firm, resilient bristles, and the back, shaped like a turtle's shell, allows a firm grip for scrubbing duty. The smooth pointed tail provides a perfect nail cleanser. Just dig your nails into a cake of soap, scrub them well, then run the turtle's tail under each one. Every vestige of dirt will disappear and you run no risk of tearing the delicate under-nail tissue, as cleaning with a dry steel file is apt to do. The "lucky turtle" comes with his back in the smartest bathroom shades—red, jade, yellow, amber and blue. Incidentally, a good scrubbing with such a brush puts your hands in the pink of condition to receive the most benefit from a softening cream applied thereafter.

Now for a tip or two on manicures! Even if you have a weekly nail-do at a beauty shop, it's rare nowadays for a smartly dressed woman to wear the same polish long, any more than she'd wear the same dress.

You should be adept at changing polish yourself. And you can do it as often as the occasion demands with no harm to your nails—thanks to the oily polish removers!

Bright, shiny red polish for daytime is fading out of the fashion picture—for which men will give three rousing cheers! There's a growing demand for the opaque, creamy type of polish in suntan or conservative pale shades. This creamy type of polish is most effective applied over the entire nail. Take just the tiniest bit off the tip of each nail if you have busy hands and want to avoid having the polish chipped off at finger-nail ends.

Covering the entire nail gives the illusion of long, slender fingers. If you've always

prided yourself on your moons—save them for evening when rich, red shades of polish are still in vogue. When you're showing your moons, try this trick to give them a clear, even outline: bring the first stroke of the brush crosswise surrounding the moon. Then take two or three strokes upward to the tips. Remove enough polish at the tip of each nail to give a clean white border. And be sure you keep this border clean. One of those little nail-white pencils, run under the nails, is a big help.

What to do about cuticle is one of hand beauty's great problems. Personally, we're all against cutting cuticle, or even letting the best manicurist do it for you. Cutting causes that border of skin around the nails to become coarsened and hardened.

Use of a good cuticle oil is an excellent aid in keeping the cuticle soft and smooth, so you can press it down with an orange stick and leave the nails in condition to take a good manicure.

If you need more than a cuticle oil, there's a grand new product made by Cutex called Oily Cuticle Remover. You simply wrap a piece of cotton around the end of an orange stick and moisten it in this fluid. Then work it gently around the sides and base of each nail. This softens and loosens the dead cuticle around the nail, preventing ugly, painful hangnails. Then wash your hands in warm water, wiping away the loosened particles with a towel, and your nails will be ready to do justice to the lovely new shades of polish, whether you're covering them from base to tip or making the most of your "moons."

Incidentally, fingernails covered to the tip are easier to keep neat than if you leave a white border. Even if you do acquire dirt under them, it'll stay hidden until you get home to your orangewood stick.

There's a very important primary rule to follow in choosing your nail polish shades. Match the accessory notes in your costume, not the dominant color. Count among the accessory notes the shade of your lipstick. Fingernails to match lipsticks give a pleasing impression. And a ring or other costume jewelry in the same shade completes a perfect triumvirate.

NEW PICTURES That Have Been RE-TITLED

"I Won't Dance" (Rogers & Astaire) has been changed to . . "Swing Time"

"The Gay Desperado" (Francis Lederer) has been changed to "The World Is Mine"

"There Goes the Bride" (Chester Morris) has been changed to . . . "They Met in a Taxi"

"Sweet Aloes" (Kay Francis) has been changed to "I Gave My Heart"

"Blood Lines" (Patricia Ellis) has been changed to . . . "Down the Stretch"

"This Marriage Business" (Gertrude Michael) has been changed to "Second Wife"

She has what it takes *except one thing*



She's pretty

She's lively

She's a snappy dresser

She has plenty of what it takes . . .

And yet the men "side-step" her. The other girls ignore her. For the best reason in the world!

A girl can have everything else it takes to be a favorite, but if perspiration odor makes her unpleasant to be with, she cannot hope for popularity.

It's unpardonable, these days, for any girl to carry the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and her clothing. For it's so easy to prevent!

It takes just half a minute to make your underarms fresh, free from odor *all day long*. With Mum.

That's the nice thing about Mum. It's so quick and easy to use, and you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. For it's harmless to clothing.

And it's soothing to the skin. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Another thing about Mum — it doesn't prevent natural perspiration. It prevents only the disagreeable part of perspiration —*the odor.*

Don't risk letting this fault shut you out of popularity. Get the daily Mum habit, then you'll always be safe! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM



ON SANITARY NAPKINS. This is another way Mum can keep you from offending. Rely on its help for this and you'll never need to worry.

takes the odor out of perspiration

They're telling you—

and who should know better than these beautiful models what tooth paste keeps teeth looking loveliest?



Anita Counihan, voted New York's most popular model, says:

"I find that Listerine Tooth Paste is the best dentifrice that I have ever used. It leaves the teeth so bright and luminous."

What says piquant Sally Bynum, a charming newcomer to the ranks of beautiful women in New York studios?

"The first thing a model has to learn is what dentifrice is best for her teeth—that is why I use Listerine Tooth Paste. It is so safe, so pleasant."

How does dark-eyed Annette Downes keep her teeth looking their best? "With Listerine Tooth Paste," she says.

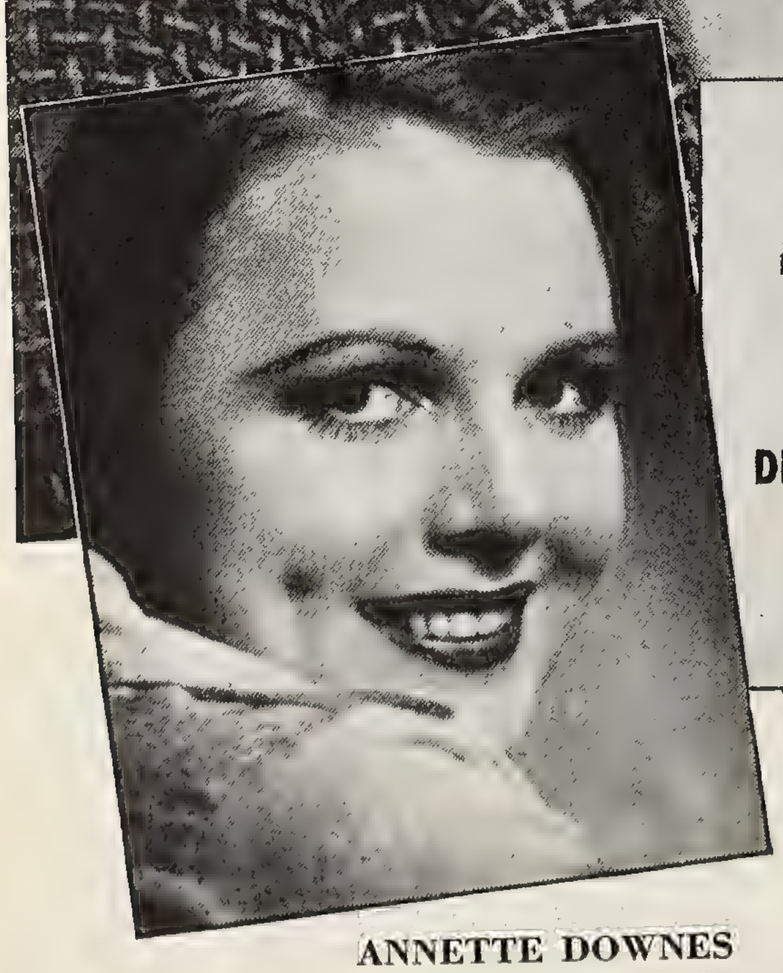
What finer praise could a dentifrice have than the approval of these young women, much of whose success depends on their teeth staying attractive!

Now there's a wonderful special bargain offer of Listerine Tooth Paste that no woman will want to miss. (See panel below.) Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

SALLY BYNUM
charming newcomer to New York and Hollywood studios

ANITA COUNIHAN
voted New York's most popular model





ANNETTE DOWNES
of California and New York

Summer's Best Bargain!

MOIRE VACATION KIT

Rubber lined Glider lock Choice of colors

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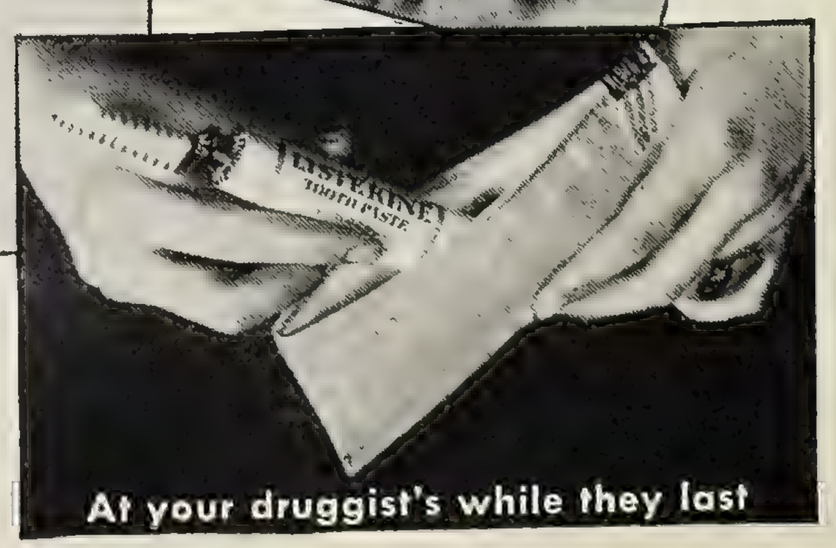
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SILVER SCREEN

TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS



Joel McCrea takes a minute off between scenes of his latest picture to brush up on "what's happened to whom!"

LITTLE Miss Gretchen Foster, the brand new infant daughter of Sally Blane and Norman Foster, almost made her debut into this world at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby, due to the fact that she was a few weeks ahead of schedule. (If little Gretchen turns out to be a movie star, and I don't see how she can help but be one in that family, it will probably be the only time in her life she was ahead of time.)

Sally wanted a girl with big blue eyes, and Norman wanted a boy, so they got a girl, who looks exactly like Norman. They named the baby Gretchen after Auntie Loretta Young whose real name is Gretchen, and Loretta is so pleased that you would think she was responsible for the baby, not Sally. It's the first baby in the Young household (famous for its beautiful girls) and probably due for a terrific spoiling.

NORMA SHEARER is one of the few actresses in Hollywood who never went in for slacks. But this summer she adopted culottes as her favorite type of sports apparel. Another star keen on culottes is Myrna Loy. Myrna has culottes in varying shades of soft leather and claims that they are far more comfortable for tennis than any fabric costume she has ever worn.

DON'T miss seeing Barbara Stanwyck and Gene Raymond doing "The Gandy," "The Shuffle," and "The Frisco" in their new picture, "The Bride Walks Out." Not even on the Coney Island excursion boat did you ever see anything better than that.

JEAN HARLOW has legalized the name of Jean Harlow in the Los Angeles courts. Jean explained that her name was Harlean Carpenter Rosson but that her professional name of Jean Harlow was the one by which everybody knows her and she thought it good business to make it legal.

WHEN an actor very seriously speaks the line, "I'm very much in love with you," it generally does not bring laughter, but Franchot Tone is the exception. In a romantic atmosphere, and alone with a beautiful girl—not counting fifty electricians, grips and a director—Tone made that speech to Joan Crawford and brought down laughs from the onlookers. It was being done for a scene for "The Gorgeous Hussy," and Director Brown was forced to order a re-take. "Let's get used to the idea of a husband and wife loving each other and do the scene," said Mr. Brown.

THOSE smartly tailored gabardine suits are all the rage in Hollywood this summer, with all the glamour girls going in for them in a big way. If you haven't a white gabardine suit, why really, my dear, you simply don't belong. Looking awfully smart in them these hotish days are Joan Crawford, Carole Lombard, Barbara Stanwyck, Merle Oberon, and Madge Evans—according to Mr. O. O. McIntyre Madge wears a suit better than any actress in Hollywood.

JOAN BLONDELL, in a big picture hat and flowing chiffons, was recently the matron of honor at the church wedding of her brother Ed Blondell to Constance Ray, an actress. Joan's escort to the wedding was none other than Dick Powell, and of course this started all Hollywood wondering if perhaps Joan and Dick were sort of rehearsing for their own wedding. Joan's divorce from George Barnes will be final the early part of September and if Dick Powell has anything to do with it he and Joan will marry an hour after the decree is final. Friends of Joan's are pretty certain that there will be a wedding, but it won't be a church wedding. Joan isn't the type who plans things; she acts on the spur of the moment, so it looks like an elopement.

EVERYBODY in Hollywood is awfully pleased about Fred MacMurray's marriage to Lillian Lamont. Lillian has been Fred's girl since the days when she was a model and he had a tiny part in the New York production of "Roberta." Came Hollywood, and came success, but Fred never for one moment forgot Lillian. When he first started on his Paramount contract the "front office" gave him strict orders to be seen in night clubs with glamorous women of the screen. Why, they even went so far as to arrange a few "big name" dates for him.

But Fred ran out on them, and stubbornly informed Paramount that he had a girl already and that they might just as well call off their glamour queens. Then the "front office," with an eye on the box-office, informed their popular leading man that the fans liked their heroes unmarried and so—but Fred wasn't listening. The very first minute Lillian would say "Yes," and it took a lot of coaxing on Fred's part, the two of them were married in Yuma and left for Honolulu on their honeymoon. Sentimental Hollywood is awfully pleased!

SPEAKING of process servers Rosalind Russell tells a very amusing story of the first summons she was served with in Hollywood. It seems she was having a first date with a very proper and meticulous young Easterner and was trying awfully hard to impress him with her chic and her charm. As she was getting out of the car with him at one of the night clubs a man ran up to her and asked, "Are you Miss Rosalind Russell?" Thinking he was a fan Rosalind, simply radiating glamour, said, "Yes, my young man," and reached for the paper he was holding to autograph it. Imagine her surprise when she discovered it was a summons to appear in court. Rosalind spent the rest of the evening explaining to her young man that subpoenas in Hollywood are practically a part of the daily routine.

BILL ROBINSON vows he has never taught Shirley Temple a dance yet which she didn't improve on in some way. He explains her dancing genius by the fact that she "dances with her mind." Bill creates many a step without tapping his foot once, and according to her mother little Shirley rehearses all her dances at home in bed, lying on her back and wiggling her toes. She's got rhythm in her toes.

KATHARINE HEPBURN has a shiny new roadster in place of her old station wagon. And Garbo, after ten years of driving back and forth to the studio in a battered, faded black sedan, which was one of the famous Hollywood antiques, suddenly appeared for rehearsals of "Camille" in a spanking new seven-passenger car with a chauffeur in livery. Prosperity must be here at last.

ANNE SHIRLEY has been making her own living in this old world ever since she was fourteen months old. At that age she posed for commercial artists in baby clothes ads.



Wonder what Dick Powell is stirring up for his midnight guests? You can't see them here because they're dunking themselves in his pool—just to the rear of the table.



Jack Oakie, Gracie Allen and Buster Crabbe waxing dramatic over "Sweet Adeline."

Eric Linden showing off for Cecilia Parker. They call this game—dart the dart. You tell us why.

PLAYING AFTER SUNDOWN

LIFE now begins with a triumphant bang in Hollywood after sundown. At the wind-up of the long, hot marathon on the sound stages, where the regiments of blazing lights have kept the thermometers whoopsing, the smoothies of the nation give a sigh of relief. They recall that time is flying and what good is their super-S.A., if they don't try it out once in a while? So the dash is directly for ye moderne new homestead. ("Just a little hideaway I've taken in Beverly, dear!") And when they emerge from their superbly tiled showers, and from beneath the greasepaint which has been such a darned pesky mask, they're raring to go places. Even as you and I, baby.

The magic mood of a summer night in movieland is something that's almost too grand to be true. A blanket of glamour seems to drop over the city with the dusk. It becomes exhilaratingly cool, yet stays warm enough to be outdoors without wraps. Definitely the country club atmosphere sways everyone, including Garbo. Her butler is regularly announcing, "Madam, that man's here again." Well, practically. For the vital Mr. George Brent is striding into her parlor like clockwork since she tank she come back to us. When the Hollywood moon is full even Greta prefers a husky, with a divine sense of humor, to solitude. To heck with reading a book!

There are all sorts of things to do when a film pet dates you up these ecstatic evenings. Whatever you fancy, you can find. I suppose what's chiefly troubling you, however, is curiosity as to whether Barbara Stanwyck is still the lucky girl. Yes, she is—Suppressed Desire Taylor won't give anyone else a tumble. Robert isn't romantic with Barbara—at least, that's their story, and wouldn't it be dreadful if it were true? They are simply pals. All I can say is that it's swell to be chummy with a star.

Many a great one has all the fixings for fun at home and hates to budge. But Bob Taylor hasn't reached that settling-down stage. To him the night's a call to step out. He never entertains at his own house. He's taught Barbara to enjoy the Troc and our other smart cafés. Meanwhile, she's shown him that ping-pong isn't to be sneezed at. But I didn't start out to dish cues to the Taylor idiosyncrasies. You can discover them yourself when you ease into the Stanwyck shoes.

If your idea of heaven is to go to a dance, you'd swoon with enthusiasm at the array of sophisticated spots we have on tap here. Marlene Dietrich always goes where the gang goes, and the Trocadero hangs onto its number one rating. It's expensive, but the food and the music are superior. (Marlayna, incidentally, is "a creature of whims." Often she fox-trots continuously. Then she'll sit at a table all alone, done up fit to kill. But a vision of glumness.) The Cocoanut Grove is the other ranking dine-and-dance palace. In downtown Los Angeles there is the Biltmore Bowl, and winding Sunset Boulevard is dotted with fashionable clubs. Breeze into the Casanova, the Bali, or the LaMaze and you'll bump into Arline Judge and the rest of those who adore hotcha floor entertainers.

Joan Bennett deserves to be Exhibit A in this exposé because she is either a marvelous hostess, planning a party far ahead, or she is delightfully, deliriously nutty. When Joan determines to throw a party she not only provides exquisite trimmings, but she brightens up the elegance with gags. The memorable occasion when Gene Markey was supposed to go abroad was a passport ball. She secured photos of all the invitees, and attached the proper one to each passport used as a place-card. And then she personally answered all the questions asked in the formal questionnaire.

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SILVER SCREEN

ONS By Elizabeth Wilson

DAVIS

naturally the producers would cast her in sweet, gentle, ingenue parts where the most she had to do was shake her pretty curls and smile. "Isn't she sweet?" she could hear the middle-aged ladies, who cluttered up the Wednesday matinees, gurgle to each other. "Isn't she just *too* sweet!"

If the stage manager didn't happen to be looking Bette would forget her pretty curls, her smile, and her fifty dollars a week just for a moment and walk right up the foot-lights and glare at them. "Sweet?" she would scream later in her dressing room, "Nice? Pretty? Bah? I'm not sweet, I'm not nice, I'm not pretty! I'll show those dreadful old women!" She did. Bette's famous character portrayal of *Mildred* in "Of Human Bondage" was her very definite answer to those dreadful old women who had the nerve to call *her* sweet!

The best temper Bette has been able to run up this last year was completely ruined by her husband who, quite innocently, and quite unbeknownst to him, is a scene stealer. "Ham" is the calm, collected type who wouldn't even get rattled if he won the Irish Sweepstakes, and, you can well imagine, not very satisfactory to have around the house when Hollywood's great dramatic star wants to fight.

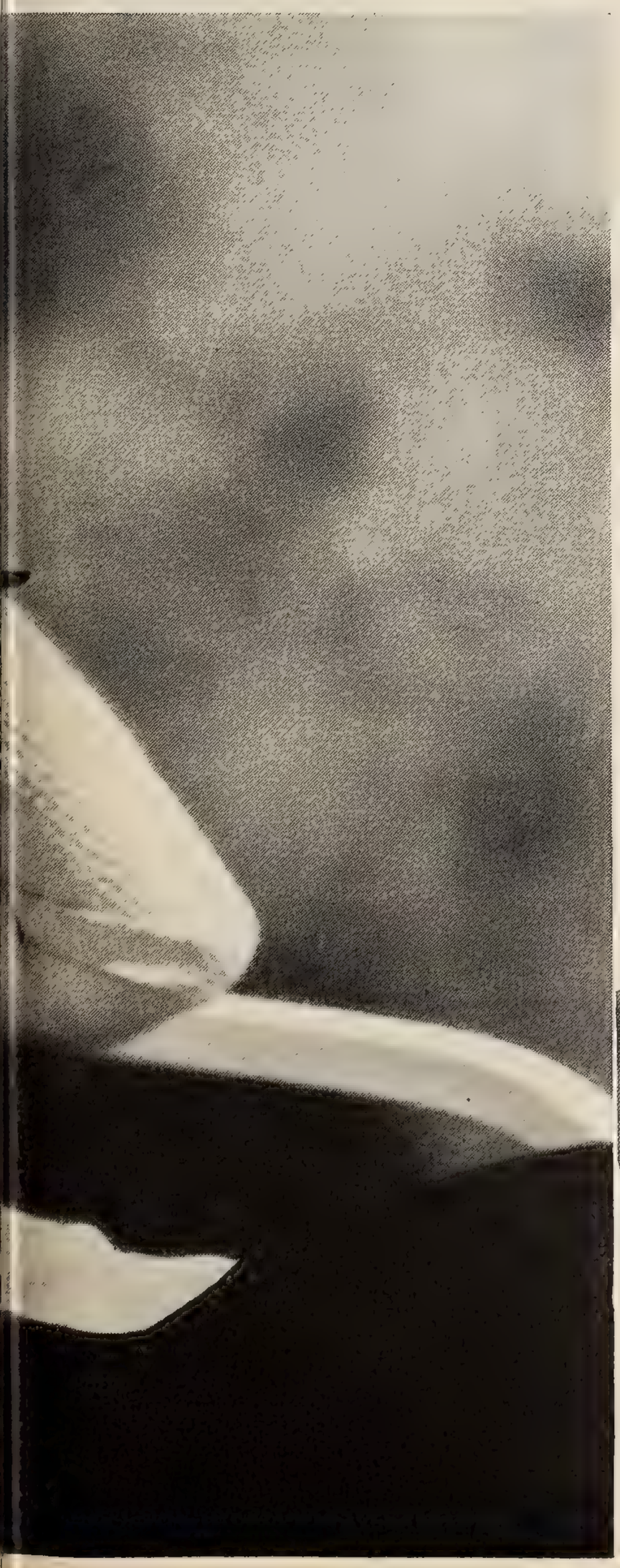
It was the occasion of the big Academy Banquet at the Biltmore Bowl, the night that Bette was to receive the little gold statuette signifying she was the Best, and naturally she wanted to look a bit chic for the occasion, for Bette and you and I, yes all of us, know how Hollywood talks. Well, it seems that Bette had a new maid who had heard about this wrinkle phobia of her mistress, and, in her zest to please Madame, had sent all of Madame's evening clothes to the dry cleaners.

Bette dashed in from the studio after a hard day's work to find nothing, but nothing, to wear. Now a situation like that could bring on a temper even among the mildest of us, so just think what it did to Bette. The maid had gone home so there was no one but "Ham" to take it out on. For fully fifteen minutes she did a magnificent portrayal of an evil Borgia plotting the murder of a maid in cold blood, then she switched to a poor woman severely put upon by life, the tears were unloosed in floods, but still "Ham" did not look up from the sporting page of the evening paper. "The Academy Award dinner," she shrieked, "with all of Hollywood staring at me. The night I have waited for for years—yes, for years and years I have worked and slaved for this night. This night that should be the happiest night of my career. And I haven't a thing to wear. Say something, damn you, say something!" Mr. Nelson languidly turned a page. "Is our Bess in a pet?" he casually remarked. It completely broke Bette up. She laughed.

Our Bess was born Ruth Elizabeth Davis in Boston, Mass., April 5, 1908, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Davis, and up to the advent of Ruth Elizabeth there had been no temperament in the Davis family. When they noticed that little Ruth Elizabeth refused to put her hands in dirt—when they took her to the beach she would never play in the sand with her hands but would use her elbows instead—and when they became aware of the fact that a wrinkle to their little offspring was far more terrifying than a charging lion, they didn't know quite what to make of it all. They suspected the Puritans. But then when they heard those shrieks of temper and that awful language coming from childish lips they were more in a quandary than ever. They did not suspect the Puritans.

Ruth Elizabeth was educated in the public schools of Boston, graduating in the due course of time from Newton High School, and then for several years studied at Cushing Academy. While she was in high school she became very interested in interpretative dancing and for a long time her ambition was to become a world famous dancer. It was then she decided to change her name—Ruth Elizabeth not sounding very exotic. Bette she picked out of Balzac, which she happened to be reading at the time, but

[*Continued on page* 63]





(At left) In one of the spiteful rôles that made her famous. (At top) With her husband, Harmon Nelson, just after she received the Academy Award for the best performance of the year.

LOVE BETWEEN ROUNDS

"Cain And Mabel," A Warner Brothers' Film Co-Starring Clark Gable And Marion Davies, Concerns The Hectic Romance Of A Potential Heavy-Weight Champion And A Broadway Hoofer.



Roscoe Karns and David Carlyle can't control Gable, who is objecting strenuously to his publicity-planned love affair with Marion Davies.

MABEL O'DARE had feet. Two of them. Not two timid little mice that stole in and out beneath the hem of her skirt like Grandma had, but two sturdy, dependable dogs that served her faithfully.

There was nothing blunt or shockingly common sense about Mabel's feet, either. They had a good streamline design, wide cruising range and gave plenty of miles to the gallon. Sturdy feet, lively feet; feminine, fascinating feet!

Feet deserve to be mentioned first of all of Mabel's charms—before her radiant health and Irish beauty and blarneying tongue—before even the solid worth of her heart which had not gone off the gold standard. Feet come first in the saga of Mabel because Mabel was a waitress and you can't be a crackerjack waitress—or a headline dancer either—without feet.

"Listen," growled an irate patron of Beek's Popular Restaurant one hectic noon, "I've been here twenty minutes!"

"Don't expect sympathy from me," Mabel smiled. "I've been here two years." So she had, two years of the hardest kind of hustling that earned the money to support Mimi, her aunt, who had been a showgirl back in the days when all you had to do was fit the tights.

At the noon hour the revolving door of Beek's kept up a rapid *phut-phut-phut* like a Florida speed boat regatta; the clang of clashing china drowned out the rhythmic crunch of myriad jaws; the soughing of the soup and coffee consumers made many a wandering Yankee remember the breeze among his native pines.

Into Beek's, one day, the revolving doors catapulted a newspaper man named Reilly who was so gifted with imagination he had been fired from every paper in town. He was too down in his luck to mind even when he spilled the salt.

"What'll it be?" said Mabel.

"Coffee."

"Coffee and . . .?"

Reilly watched a tray of pastry pass with longing in his eyes. Then he felt of his lone nickel. "No, coffee . . . just," he sighed.

His hard luck story touched Mabel's too-tender heart. She brought him the ham and eggs that had been served to another patron by mistake and that's how she lost her job and found Reilly.

* * *

"If she could only sing, or dance, or juggle, or something I could get her a job like *that*," Reilly said to Mabel's horrified aunt. "Jake Sherman is putting on a show."

"Do you know Jake Sherman?" Mimi gasped.

"I couldn't be any closer to him if I was his Siamese brother!"

Mimi beamed. "Then she works! Mabel can dance. I've been teaching her steps ever since she was a little nipper."

Reilly, who had been four-flushing, looked as if he hadn't quite managed to swallow the gas range. But he resolved to stand pat.

"Sister," he said to Mabel with quavering heartiness, "with Aloysius K. Reilly behind you, the name of Mabel O'Dare will be written in the stars. Your dances will make Pavlowa's Dying Swan look like a cooked goose. Get your hat and coat, you're on your way to fame!"

"Yeah," said Mabel: "But do you suppose they might need a girl at the Acropolis Restaurant?"

In spite of her doubts, Mabel found herself with Reilly in the waiting room of Jake Sherman, the theatrical producer. Mimi and Reilly between them had wafted her into it. The door of Sherman's private office opened and a handsome young man came out. Reilly sprang at him, "Jake, old boy, swell to see you . . . you remember me? Reilly, of the Clarion?"

It wasn't Jake Sherman, but Ronny Cauldwell, Jake's musical comedy star who had a voice that made women remember. He had just been signing his contract for the new show. Reilly's brass nerve struck him as funny and Mabel's winsome Irish beauty appealed mightily to the eye. Ronny let Reilly go on thinking he was Jake Sherman.

"In the chorus—for her?" he cried when Reilly made his plea. "A friend of yours in the chorus! Listen, she can have the lead." Ronny went about his business with a broad wink at the office girl.

"There you are," said Reilly. "I tell you I could sell Carnera to Singer for a midget. Say what's the matter with you, Mabel? You don't look very excited about it."

Mabel wasn't. It was too good to be true. "There's something rotten in Denmark," she mused.

"Well, don't look at me. I've never been there," said Reilly.

Strange are the ways of show business—strange and beyond the understanding of common man. In the ash can today; in the lights tomorrow—that's the only thing you can count on in that topsy-turvy world. Mabel O'Dare, who had never been nearer the stage than Beek's restaurant, backed by an agent who didn't know Jake Sherman

Fictionized by Jack Bechdolt



Marion is being congratulated by Ruth Donnelly and Roscoe Karns on her success on the stage. A long step from her ham and egg-slinging days.

from his Old Testament ancestor crashed Jake Sherman's new show and got her chance—not in the chorus, but in the lead!

To be sure, the defection of Jake's snooty leading lady did a lot to help. It gave Mabel a chance to step up to the piano and show what her feet could do. And those feet of Mabel's, waiting table notwithstanding, were smart enough to give her a break.

Mabel's training began, an intensive course that was superintended by a flouncing little man named Milo who handled Sherman's dance business. Reilly and Aunt Mimi helped—with encouragement and advice. Milo raged like an angry canary. But Mabel's dogs did the real hard work and by midnight before the opening they were so swollen and sore each one felt the size of the new Queen Mary.

Sore feet or no sore feet, the show must go on!

Mabel glared wearily about the elegant hotel room where the midnight session promised to stretch to a matince. She glared at Aunt Mimi who, wise old hoofer that she was, had kicked off her shoes; at Archie the pianist, who didn't have to do anything but hit keys with his fingers; at Reilly, who lolled with his knees over a chair arm; finally at little Milo.

"My arches are broken down so far that instead of getting taps I'm getting suction!"

"Well, you go on tomorrow night, with or without arches," Milo twittered. "And you're going to do this routine right if I have to rehearse you from now to curtain time!"

"Great!" said Archie. "I've played my fingers down to the second joint now!"

"Your fingers?" Milo screeched. "How about my head? Reilly, give me another aspirin!" Reilly handed him one. "You're so full of them now you rattle like a crap game."

There was time out for an exchange of glares all around. Then they began again.

On the floor below, in the room just under Mabel's, three men were bedding down for the night—in a one-bed room. Old Pop Walters and his trainer, Dodo, knew they had the world by the tail when they signed for the management of Larry Cain. Larry was a husky young mug whose brow was permanently wrinkled by the effort to keep up with

nimbler minds. He was a good automobile mechanic and hadn't a wish in the world beyond owning a string of service stations and maybe a nice young wife and some kids. Pop discovered Larry packed a punch and assured him that under his direction they had everything to make a ring champ —everything that is except the necessary bank roll. Larry had been signed for an important fight at Madison Square Garden and the three of them traveled to New York in a box car, nursing their last nickels to buy Larry a nice hotel room where he could get a deep, refreshing sleep before the big night of their bid for fistic glory.

Now they were staring in disgust at the ceiling from which came a roar of sound like the passing of an endless elevated train with flat wheels.

The hotel manager was sorry when Pop phoned him, but Miss O'Dare had to practice for the opening of her show tomorrow night and there were no more rooms available.

"I just got to get some sleep, Pop," Larry groaned. "I couldn't get any here if the sandman was carrying bricks. Let's move to another hotel——"

"We can't. I spent all my dough for this room!"

Larry rose in his old fashioned nightgown. He threw on his overcoat and strode upstairs to the room above. "Listen, lady," he explained to Mabel, "I can't sleep."

"What am I supposed to do, make you Ovaltine?" Mabel wasn't in any gentle mood, either.

"But I got a fight tomorrow," Larry explained, still willing to act the gentleman.

"You won't have to wait until tomorrow if you don't stop disturbing me," said Mabel grimly.

"Disturbing you!" Larry glared, forgetting all about that gentleman stuff. This dame had a nerve that called for a good poke in the puss. "Listen, Thunder Foot, you're making my room sound like a pool hall on Saturday night!"

Her smile was sweet. "That ought to make you feel at home."

Larry's teeth gritted. He was a pug, but only professionally. When he thought of dames they were either cuddly, clinging, wistful little things or white haired old porcelain pieces like Whistler's mother. This strapping Irish wench roused a fury that properly employed, would have led him to knock out Dempsey. "When I came up here," he began with rare restraint, "the thing I wanted most in the world was sleep. Now it's to poke you in the nose."

"Well," said Mabel, equally affable, "I'm so tired from dancing my knees are sprung, but I wouldn't stop now if I had to do it on a picket fence!" Then she slammed the door. The door caught Larry over the eye and cut a bloody gash there. He went back to his horror-stricken companions and spent the rest of the night writhing sleepless while large flakes of plaster rained from the ceiling.

The following evening Mabel O'Dare opened in Jake Sherman's new musical comedy and Larry Cain yawned his way through a few rounds at Madison Square that ended in his perfect flop.

Larry, the defeated, with a bandage on his eye and an ice pack on his head, laid himself down to sleep and his last thoughts were of Mabel:

"If I ever lay eyes on that girl they'll be playing a benefit for her the next day!"

* * *

Jake Sherman's show wasn't doing so well. Ronny Cauldwell got all the fat notices, nobody seemed much interested in Mabel O'Dare. Accordingly the matinees for women were sell outs, but nights the ushers began to complain about being left alone in the dreary, dark house.

Reilly, the demon press agent, and Milo, the canary, talked it over with Jake.

"What she needs," said Reilly, "is something people will follow from day to day—a present, not a past! Something that will



Clark just grinned when M-G-M and Warner Brothers argued about his mustache. On or off?—that was the question! But it's not visible in "Cain and Mabel," so Warner's evidently won the battle.

get to the heart of a nation——"

"So, what gets to the heart of a nation?" Jake fumed.

"Love," said the genius. "All the world loves a lover. Right? Certainly. If Mabel O'Dare falls in love what happens? Immediately she becomes news. Right? Absolutely. And when she's news, she's box-office. Right? Perfectly. The whole thing's solved——"

"Uh-huh. Except she ain't in love and nobody's in love with her——"

"Somewhere, someplace in this town is a man O'Dare can love," Reilly orated, pounding the table. His first chanced to pound a portrait of a husky young prize fighter under headlines that told how Larry Cain had just made his second try for the title and was victorious.

Reilly's face lighted with the fires of inspiration. "Gentlemen, the man O'Dare is going to love . . . Larry Cain!"

Leave it to Reilly! His next move was to call on Pop, who was moping around an athletic club wondering why his boy, after winning a title, couldn't book some good fat fights.

"Maybe I haven't lure or something," Larry mourned, wrinkling his brows.

"What he ain't got is glamour," said Reilly, muscling into the conference.

"No," said Larry disgustedly, "and I don't wear a beret, either!"

Reilly got Pop convinced that all his boy needed to go over big was to fall in love with the world's greatest dancer. That would grab the front pages and establish him with the fans. And Reilly knew just how to fix the thing up. Doubtfully Pop left it to him to fix.

"But we gotta do it on the Q.T. If he ever finds out I'm ribbing him to fall in love with a dancer, I'll figure prominently in a murder case, as the corpse."

All dancers were a pain in the neck to Larry. One in particular he was never going to forget as long as he lived—the dumb cluck who kept him awake the night before his first fight and cost him the title. It took the combined efforts of old Pop, Reilly and Dodo to tow him along to the night club where he was to meet and fall in love with Mabel O'Dare. It was like towing the Normandie with a 14 foot canoe and Larry was as happy as a bear with a boil.

Then, all smiles, came Mabel. Somebody named Larry Cain had sent her flowers that night and she was looking forward, starry eyed, to meeting her admirer.

Reilly introduced his friends with dramatic effect, "Miss O'Dare may I present Mr. Walters, Mr. Mulling and——" A deep breath and plenty of punch, "—*none other* than Mr. Larry Cain!"

Mabel turned, thrilled by the big moment. Her admirer—the one who sent her flowers . . . !

He stood silent, eyeing her with sour contemplation, a familiar figure even if he wasn't dressed in an old fashioned nightgown and overcoat. For a moment the Irish in her nearly won. If somebody had slipped her a brickbat it would have won. Then the actress triumphed. Her smile came back and it was the kind of smile that goes with a dose of rat poison.

"How *do* you do, Mr. Cain! There's something about you that's very familiar. I remember . . . I had tripe for dinner."

Said Larry between his teeth, "Your feet are very familiar, too. I was out rowing this afternoon."

Mabel's pretty hand flashed. There was a loud report as it met Larry's cheek. Even Mabel was startled and a little contrite. Her hand went to her mouth, she stared at her victim wide eyed. "Oh dear . . . oh, oh . . . what a smack!"

Larry's hand reached for the nearest water pitcher and poised it over her head. "Yeah," said he, "wet smack!" He poured the ice water over her.

Pop gave Reilly a sour look.

"Well, Cupid, if this is romance, the Marquis of Queensberry wrote advice to the lovelorn!"

* * *

Strange are the ways of show business, but stranger still the wiles of publicity. The papers next morning, aided by Aloysius K. Reilly, carried front page stories: CAIN KNOCKS OUT MASHER AND SAVES

[*Continued on page* 68]

THROW-BACKS

Does An Actor's Art Depend Upon His Ancestors?

By Liza



There must have been an old meanie among Charles Laughton's forebears.



Considering the naturalness of his souse scenes, Charlie Ruggles must be an off-shoot of the Haig and Haig family.



Sylvia Sidney, perhaps, is descended from Madame La Farge, who knitted while heads dropped, during the French Revolution.

And John Barrymore is a prototype of Mercutio, whom he impersonates so well in "Romeo and Juliet."



CAN it be that each character that an actor portrays is a throw-back to a powerful personality of yesteryear? Can it be that after all the gay times we've had together I must now force atavism down your throat? You stood by me, gentle reader (and I don't think you're so gentle as you're cracked up to be—I mean held up to be), when I romped through literature, art, and the social swirl, so now how's about a shot of the scientific.

Yes, it is high time I dashed into science. Science has never been so chic as it is today, why even the man on the street is discussing changing his blood stream, just as casually as he used to speak of changing his tires. Biology is really my forte. Yes, I do believe I've got something there. Biology, you've made me what I am today, but I'm not satisfied. I had four grandparents, and they each had four, making twenty definitely individual human beings. In turn they each had four making eighty-four, you know how these things spread, and here I'm only back to the Civil War.

Those poor dears each had four (mercy, how they stack up) and that makes a total of three hundred and forty emotional, temperamental human beings who have each contributed fury or foolishness, sense or insanity, to influence my daily life. Just think of it and be astounded! In the next world if I ever meet that ancestor of mine who was too lazy to get out of bed in the mornings and who stuffed herself with angel food cake I personally shall hang one on her jaw. What she did to me!

You may well marvel at the mingling forces in your own blood stream. Do you feel an overwhelming desire occasionally to drop a bit of strychnine in your boy friend's coca-cola? Alas, my little one, you can be sure that somehow or other in the muddled ages Mad Lucretia of the nasty Borgias nested in your family tree, and nothing good ever came of Lucretia. Have you never felt two natures struggling within you, one yes, the other no? (I bet you have. Nice old Sex, pat, pat.) Now we're getting some place.

Let's consider the poor movie star who also had eighty-four ancestors along about the time Grant took Richmond, though we of the deep South never mention that. And am I deep? Of course a lot of their progenitors, just like ours, were plain simple people, oafs and whatnots. But doesn't it stand to reason that somewhere in the past there was an outstanding forebear, grave or gay, who contributes to the present day

Hollywood actor the character which he brings to life. And while he is playing this rôle that portion of his heart, blood, soul and body, which came from his long forgotten ancestor, surges to the front, takes control, and again walks the earth to live, to suffer, and to bring honor upon his descendant. Right now I feel Socrates stomping through every vein.

Take the case of Gary Cooper's Mr. Deeds (you know, *the* Mr. Deeds who went to town.) He inscrutably listens to the attacks upon him in that famous court room scene and refuses to make a statement, until you almost go crazy fearing he won't speak up and defend himself. With such stoicism, such poise, who can doubt but that the same vital spark which gave Sitting Bull his phlegmatic Indian temperament, back in the days of the Covered Wagon, is now sluggishly reproduced in the arteries of Gary Cooper. Who can doubt?

And who can doubt but what there was a dastardly old meanie among Charles Laughton's ancestors—else how could he play so well the cruel, despicable Captain Bligh of "Mutiny on the Bounty," who so heartlessly flogged a corpse while the officers and men of the British Navy were forced to look on. (I suspect Peter the Great, Charlie.) This scene stands out vividly as one of the never to be forgotten scenes of the screen. Laughton played it with such blood-curdling horror that I am quite sure he was influenced by the same forgotten great-great-great-grandfather who is the malign influence in other present day lives. For instance, there is the guy who blows his horn behind you when you are up against a red light and delights in your acute mental suffering. And the mean, unregenerate character who turns the page of his newspaper in the subway before you can find out who won the fourth race at Saratoga. Just dirty throw-backs, if geneology is what they said it was.

I have never seen Sylvia Sidney knit in a picture, though possibly she has, but on the set our little Sylvia (and wasn't she magnificent in "Fury"?) knits continuously, so continuously, that for years I have been trying to figure out who wears all the sweaters that Sylvia knits. In my best scientific manner I have figured it out (after at least two minutes of research) that this frantic knitting is caused by Madame La Farge. Remember the dramatic lady of the French Revolution (recently played by Blanche Yurka in "The Tale of Two Cities") who had herself a front row seat at the Guillotine and never once dropped a stitch while the aristocrats of France dropped their heads. That's Sylvia all right. Murder, arson, mob violence and love in bloom all happen right there on the set in front of her but Sylvia never looks up, just knits on and on. She's got Madame La Farge in her finger tips. And of course this makes Sylvia and Blanche Yurka sort of cousins or something—remind me to give two more minutes of research to this some day.

By the same reasoning, though I'm not quite sure what that reasoning is as yet, Joan Blondell and Alan Hale are cousins, whether they like it or not. (They call me Liza-the-Maker-of-Cousins.) Joan is a descendant of David Blondell, the wandering minstrel, who was played by Alan Hale in C. B. DeMille's "The Crusades." Because of his unique ability to sing and dance and cavort David Blondell found favor with Richard the Lion-Hearted, who loved a good laugh at nights after a day spent with the sourpuss Christians. (Richard was most likely a forebear of the Warner Brothers.) When Joan sings and dances and cuts up in "Sons O' Guns" you can be quite certain that she's got David in her blood stream.

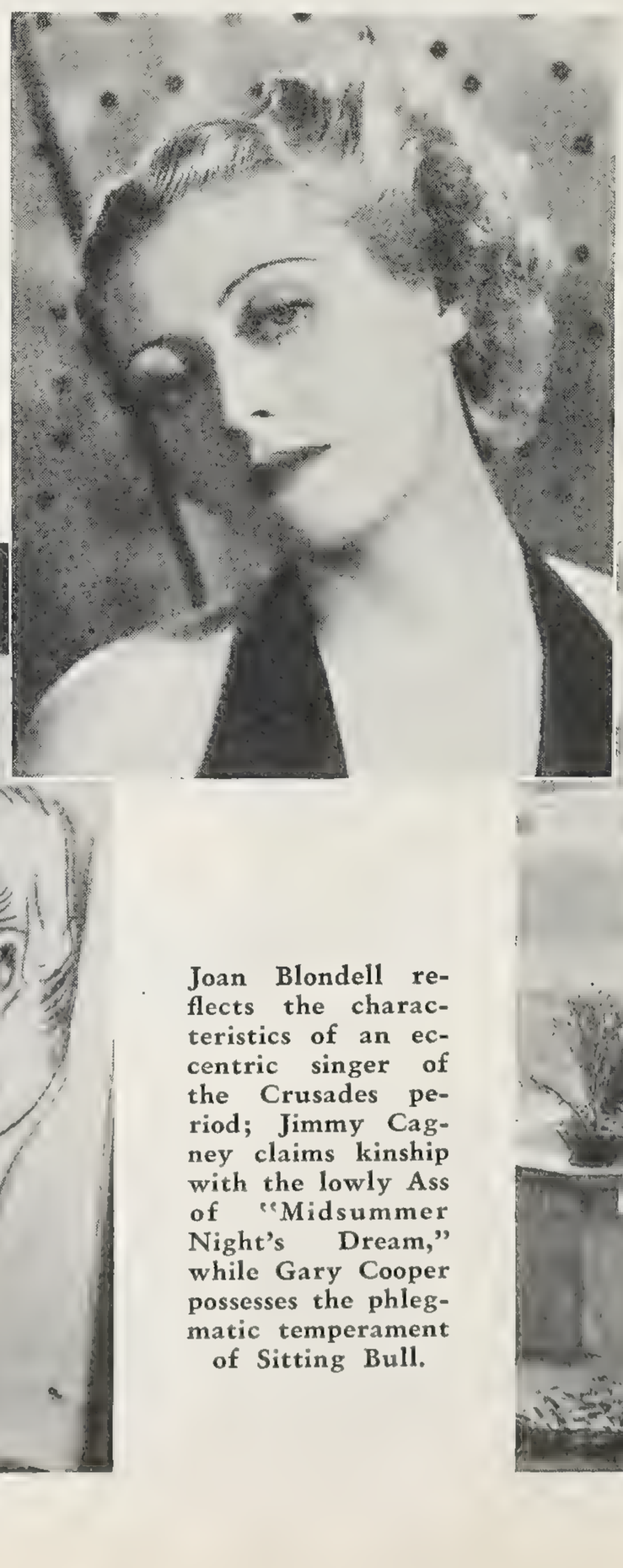
Charlie Ruggles is definitely an off-shoot of the family tree that produced Haig and Haig, a fine old family of tiplers. As the twig is bent so grows the tree says Charlie weaving onto the set for another of his inimitable souse scenes. Possibly Carole Lombard's squabbling in "Love Before Breakfast" is but a modern version of her progenitors who undoubtedly numbered Marie Antoinette among their ilk. Poor Marie Antoinette gabbed so much in public that she finally talked her head right off. And that dear lady must have been the great-great-great-grandmother of those three women who sat directly behind me at the movies the other night. Gab, gab, gab. The dirty throw-backs.

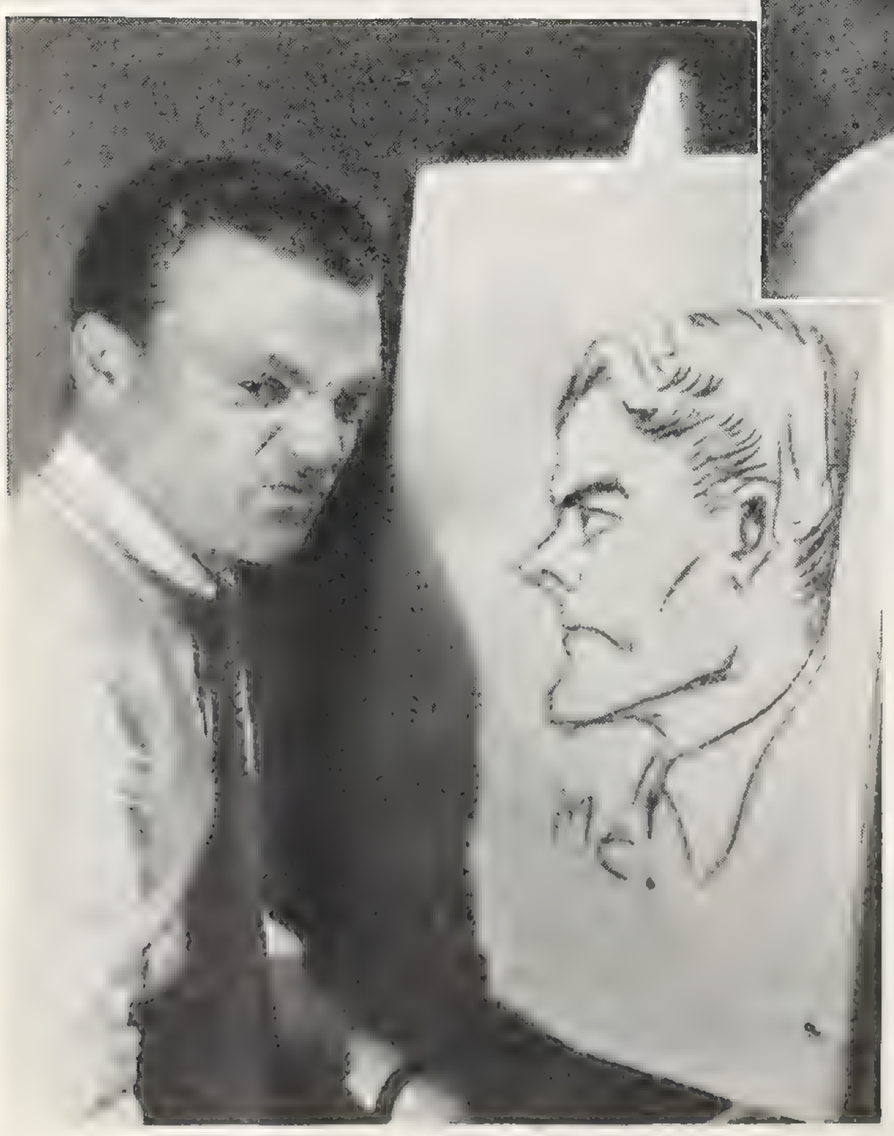
In "Dangerous" we have Bette Davis driving a car furiously. Her husband, whom she hates, is beside her. She resolves upon death for both of them since he will not give way to her wishes. She sights a tree and drives recklessly to certain death. All of which is dramatic, and right down Bette's alley. But, kiddies, on scientific analysis (I think I used test tubes) I find it is a cherry tree, and as I trace back the blood stream I find that obviously Bette is a descendant from the same stem as the father of this country, whose dramatic feeling for cherry trees has come to be a household word.

Or take the case of John Barrymore, whose marvelous sword play and carryings-on as Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet" is the talk of the town. With all due respects to Miss Shearer and Mr. Howard, whose Juliet and Romeo are not to be sneezed at, it is the slightly mad Mr. Barrymore who walks away with the picture. Mercutio was a hot-blooded, merry gentleman, quite pleasantly insane on occasions, who often broke into a bawdy song and simply couldn't resist a good street brawl—one of them eventually led to his undoing. Well, another shot of science and a little research and I have discovered that the reason John Barrymore can play Mercutio so startlingly well is because he is descended from a great-great-grandfather who had quite a number of eccentric progeny—the most famous of the present day ones being Representative Zioncheck. Does that make Barrymore and Zioncheck cousins? Well, after all I wouldn't go so far as to say that, we scientists must keep some of our secrets, and besides I don't like suits, I simply don't look well in them.

In "San Francisco" we have Clark Gable (Blackie Norton) in one scene trying to drag a lovely and good woman down to his low level—and, tut tut, his level was the Barbary Coast—by forcing her to appear

[*Continued on page* 78]





Joan Blondell reflects the characteristics of an eccentric singer of the Crusades period; Jimmy Cagney claims kinship with the lowly Ass of "Midsummer Night's Dream," while Gary Cooper possesses the phlegmatic temperament of Sitting Bull.



HE'S THE BOSS!

When A Picture Is In The Making It's The Director, Not The Star, Who Is Most Important.

By Maude Cheatham



Richard Boleslawski directing Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer in a desert scene from one of the season's most interesting pictures, "The Garden of Allah," which was produced entirely in Technicolor.

BRIGHT lights may spell the names of our favorite players over cinema theatres but the real star of every motion picture is the director!

He doesn't receive the plaudits nor the orchids but (beside a nice fat salary) he derives a tremendous satisfaction in weaving his drama into the huge canvas of the screen, and I've yet to find one who would change his job with any other in the whole world.

During the making of a picture it isn't the glamorous stars who are of the first importance—not at all—it is the director. He is master of the ship, the undisputed *boss!* Not only must he be an artist in the technique of acting, of camera angles, of tonal qualities, and all the rest of it, but he must be a real diplomat and have an unquenchable sense of humor. Otherwise he could never survive the ordeal of the close association with the hundred or more persons required to make a film.

Besides the more or less temperamental players, who are usually the least of a director's worries, there are scores of assistants and assistants' assistants, covering the angles of story, dialogue, camera, sound, and what not, each thoroughly convinced that his department is of paramount importance. While eager to help make the film a "colossal" success, they often prove stumbling blocks. Jealousies, discussions, differences of opinion develop, and it is up to the director to bring peace and harmony to all warring elements, and, at the same time, be cheer leader for his players. All this builds into a gigantic task. Verily, directing a motion picture is not for the weaker brothers!

Being an ardent film fan I get a big kick out of watching any phase of picture making and I'm sure other fans would like to get a glimpse of a studio when the stars are at work. Also, to get the director's angle. So, I hunted up two of my favorites, Richard Boleslawski, with his European background and training, and John Blystone, a dyed-in-the-wool American—Middle West, to be exact, whose brilliant directorial talents add luster to Hollywood films.

I found Boleslawski at the David Selznick International studio, about to direct an important scene in the new Technicolor production, "The Garden of Allah."

A milling crowd of people thronged the huge stage and at first sight it seemed a bedlam of confusion, but, after a moment, I could see it was all swinging into a definite pattern for everybody knew exactly what they were doing. A few last touches were being given to the interior of a picturesque Algerian café, where the scene was soon to be shot; light men, high above the set, were picking up details from every angle; camera and sound experts were making final tests of their machines, and calling back and forth about focuses and distances; the two hundred Arab extras chattered noisily as they took their places

[*Continued on page* 60]

ANOTHER HOLLYWOOD

Find Out Which Glamour Girl Would Like You Best.



Jeanette MacDonald answers very definitely: 1—Yes, 2—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 8—Yes, 10—Yes, 16—Yes, 17—No, 18—Yes, 21—Yes.

AND now it's the men's turn!

Have *you* the qualities one of the glamorous single girls of Hollywood is seeking in the man she'll marry?

Learn the answer by filling in the questionnaire on opposite page—read answers at end of the article and see which girl you'd suit, if any!

All the way from little Marie Wilson, she of the amazingly long eyelashes, to stars like Carole Lombard, Luise Rainer, and Jeanette MacDonald, the feminine beauties of Hollywood are demanding, particular, and very decided in their tastes.

Just as with the girls' questionnaire we published last month (and we hope everybody drew a bachelor successfully!), there *are* no right or wrong answers to this test. Almost any combinations of Yes and No will match one of the stars.

We'll warn you right now, however, to rush out and take up dancing if you don't shine in the ballroom. Practically all the girls are looking for beaux who can do them justice at the Troc or the Cocoanut Grove.

Luise Rainer was an exception; with her it's a love of nature that's most important, and let those who would rather dance, dance. "Men should be honest," Luise says firmly, meaning just as much as the word can. "Men should be strong willed. Men should not be stupid, affected, or dogmatic." Decidedly old-fashioned in her tastes was the little Rainer, despite the fact that Hollywood considers her a very modern member of the Bohemian set. Maybe that's why she hasn't married! When we asked if her ideal man must be handsome, she answered almost smugly, "Handsome in mind is more important."

None of the girls care much if you've been married before, but Olivia de Havilland, outlining her requirements very earnestly, said, "He must be trustworthy, discreet, and understanding." Unselfishly enough, she hopes that "he will feel a strong responsibility toward his profession or business, *and perhaps put that first in his life.*"

Olivia can't make up her mind about being independent after marriage. When asked if she intends to give up her career for domesticity, she gasped (very prettily, too), "Heaven knows!" She does insist that the lucky man be as important in his own sphere as she is in pictures—and remember she started right in as a full-fledged star!

A sense of humor is most important to Jean Harlow, who seeks, in a beau, the same steadfast qualities she would demand in a friend. In Hollywood it's generally conceded that Mr. William Powell fills the bill.

Pat Ellis, heartfree at the moment, wouldn't look twice at a lad who couldn't dance. "He must be taller than I," she adds definitely, "and his shoes must be shined at all times." She also wants a chap who can tend bar, if necessary, but he must *not* like premieres, he better not ask her to see *all* the football games, and he's sure to lose out if he talks for hours on the telephone.

Jeanette MacDonald, much more serious than you might imagine, is definitely against heavy drinking. In fact she's the only girl who thought to mention it. Gambling is out, too—and so are members of what Jeanette, with all the fervor of a girl who works for her living, calls "the idle rich."

Naturally, an appreciation of good music is especially important to this lovely singer, and you must like dogs. Otherwise you couldn't possibly be happy with la MacDonald, who always has a few sheepdogs parked around the house.

Marie Wilson, one of our own favorite girls, expects any prospective beau to be a good conversationalist. "I can never think of enough to say myself," she admits calmly. *Unbaggy pants* are another requirement with Marie, and if you want to step right up and make decisions for her after engagement or marriage it's O.K. "It will save a lot of wear and tear on me, don't you think?" says Marie.

Suddenly going serious, she added that he should have gentleness and strength of character, and be as much as possible "as George Brent appears on the screen. He'd never embarrass a girl even if she *didn't* look like Kay Francis!"

(We didn't even ask Miss Francis the sort of lad she likes, since Delmar Daves, the handsome scenario writer, is admitted to have the inside track against all other entries.)

Marian Marsh, one of Hollywood's most beautiful girls both on and off the screen, hedged a little on all our questions. Handsome? "If I liked him," Marion smiled, "he'd be handsome to me." Well-dressed? "But not a band-box effect!" Well-informed? "So long as he's not a walking encyclopedia on any one subject!"

Marion also wants a fellow who is a little jealous. "It's such a subtle form of flattery," she admitted. And he must be a good mixer



Olivia de Havilland will like you if your list checks with this: 2—Yes, 4—Yes, 15—Yes, 17—No, 20—Yes, 22—Yes.

Patricia Ellis' ideal man would answer thus: 2—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 9—No, 13—Yes, 15—No, 17—No, 19—No, 21—Yes, 22—Yes.

Marian Marsh's heart would go pit-a-pat if you answered this way: 2—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 8—Yes, 10—Yes, 17—No, 20—Yes.



"DATE TEST"

By Mark Dowling

—not out of place anywhere. Do any of you men think you might qualify?

These are just a few of the fascinating facts we learned about Hollywood's bachelor girls as we plied them with questions about their "dream men."

Remember, the girls weren't allowed to read the questionnaire that accompanies this article. (It was written with the aid of a noted psychologist.) And if you come out one or two answers wrong with your favorite feminine star, you might still win her. Hollywood has never before boasted so many beautiful and glamorous unmarried ladies, and they're all waiting for the right man!

Where Player Fails To Answer Certain Questions, It Indicates She Takes No Definite Stand on Them

Marion Marsh: 2—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 8—Yes, 10—Yes, 17—No, 20—Yes.

Luise Rainer: 1—Yes, 3—Yes, 4—Yes, 8—Yes, 15—Yes, 16—Yes, 17—No.

Patricia Ellis: 2—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 9—No, 13—Yes, 15—No, 17—No, 19—No, 21—Yes, 22—Yes.

Gail Patrick: 1—Yes, 3—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 8—Yes, 9—No, 10—Yes, 14—Yes, 16—Yes, 17—No, 19—No, 20—Yes, 22—Yes.

Gertrude Michael: 1—Yes, 2—Yes, 3—Yes, 4—Yes, 7—No, 8—Yes, 12—No, 13—Yes, 16—Yes, 17—No, 19—No, 20—Yes, 21—Yes, 22—Yes.

Frances Drake: 1—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 10—Yes, 12—Yes, 14—Yes, 15—Yes, 16—Yes, 18—Yes, 19—No, 21—Yes, 22—Yes.

Ann Sothern: 1—Yes, 3—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 8—Yes, 9—No, 11—Yes, 13—Yes, 15—Yes, 16—Yes, 18—Yes, 19—No, 20—Yes.

Olivia de Havilland: 2—Yes, 4—Yes, 15—Yes, 17—No, 20—Yes, 22—Yes.

Isabel Jewell: 1—Yes, 2—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 8—Yes, 9—Yes, 13—Yes, 15—Yes, 17—No, 19—No.

Anne Shirley: 2—Yes, 3—Yes, 6—Yes, 17—No, 19—No, 20—Yes, 22—Yes.

Marie Wilson: 3—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 13—Yes, 14—Yes, 15—Yes, 16—Yes, 17—No, 18—Yes, 19—No.

Carole Lombard: 1—Yes, 3—No, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 9—No, 11—Yes, 13—Yes, 15—Yes, 17—No, 18—Yes, 21—Yes, 22—Yes.

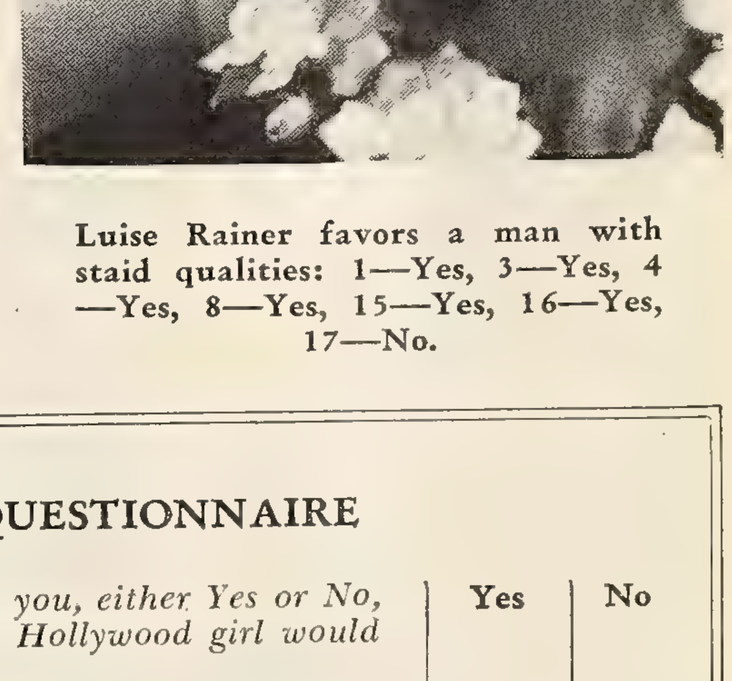
Jean Harlow: 2—Yes, 3—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 10—Yes, 13—Yes, 15—Yes, 17—No, 22—Yes.

Paula Stone: 1—Yes, 3—Yes, 4—Yes, 9—No, 12—No, 13—Yes, 14—Yes, 15—Yes, 16—Yes, 17—No, 18—Yes, 19—No, 21—Yes, 22—Yes.

Jeanette MacDonald: 1—Yes, 2—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 8—Yes, 10—Yes, 16—Yes, 17—No, 18—Yes, 21—Yes.

Anita Louise: 1—Yes, 3—Yes, 4—Yes, 7—No, 8—Yes, 13—Yes, 14—Yes, 15—Yes, 16—Yes, 17—No, 18—Yes, 19—No, 20—Yes, 21—Yes.

Maureen O'Sullivan: 1—Yes, 4—Yes, 7—No, 10—Yes, 11—Yes, 12—Yes, 18—Yes, 19—No.



Luise Rainer favors a man with staid qualities: 1—Yes, 3—Yes, 4—Yes, 8—Yes, 15—Yes, 16—Yes, 17—No.



Jean Harlow could admire a man whose answers agree with hers: 2—Yes, 3—Yes, 4—Yes, 6—Yes, 7—No, 10—Yes, 13—Yes, 15—Yes, 17—No, 22—Yes.

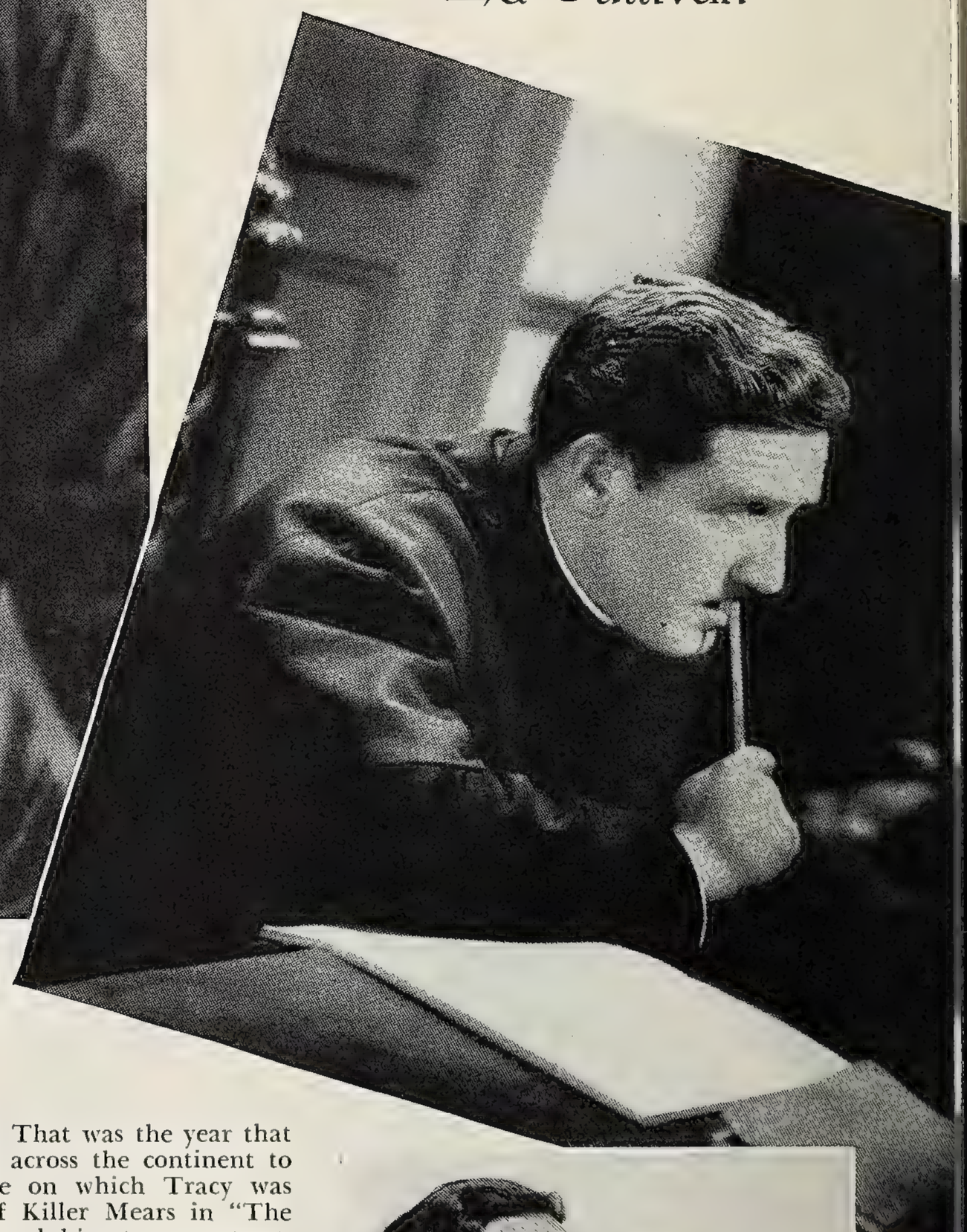
PERSONALITY QUESTIONNAIRE

(NOTE) *Answer the questions that interest you, either Yes or No, then refer to list of answers to see which Hollywood girl would be attracted to a bachelor of your type.*	Yes	No
(1) Can you name two philosophers who have influenced modern thought, and one modern American composer of music?		
(2) Can you name the state where President Roosevelt's favorite health resort is located?		
(3) Should a young couple have children on an income of less than $5,000 a year?		
(4) Do you make friends with stray dogs?		
(5) Ever been married?		
(6) Do you dance well?		
(7) Would you wear a white tie with a mess jacket?		
(8) Do you dislike "jazzed-up" versions of classical music?		
(9) Should a man forbid his fiancée or wife to go out with other men?		
(10) Can you beat two or more friends at any popular sport?		
(11) Do friends ever say you look like one of Hollywood's romantic leading men?		
(12) Answer Yes if light-complexioned, No if dark-complexioned.		
(13) Do you know the difference between pate de foies gras and crepes suzette?		
(14) Were you a letter man at school or college, and have you a chest expansion of 3 inches or more?		
(15) At parties, can you lead the conversation into whatever channels you wish?		
(16) Do you ever think about an "ideal" girl?		
(17) Would you be angry if handed a "loaded" cigarette at a party—or any other practical joke?		
(18) Would it bother you if a girl wore satin slippers with sports clothes?		
(19) Would you forbid your fiancée or wife having a career?		
(20) Can you name the birth dates of your father and mother?		
(21) Would you allow your wife a separate bank account or regular allowance if she had no money of her own?		
(22) Are you an officer of your school, class or club, a captain of any team, or an executive of the company you work for?		

Spencer Tracy's Brilliant Acting Excites Our Author To A Prophecy That Should Thrill This Actor On To Even Greater Performances For The Balance Of This Year.

By
Ed Sullivan





HE HAS a cousin from Milwaukee. In fact, he has dozens of them out there, because the city records will attest that Spencer Tracy was born April 5, 1900, in that Wisconsin capital. Milwaukee seems to be a happy incubator for stage talent—it was out of Milwaukee that Alfred Lunt strode to a stage and marital partnership with Lynn Fontanne. It was from that same town that Lenore Ulric paraded to the David Belasco empire of make-believe, and in a softer voice, it may be added that Gilda Gray originated the "shimmy" dance within the Milwaukee city limits.

But it is not of Lunt or Ulric or Gilda that I wish to sing in these lines. I would, rather, twang a lyrical roundelay to Spencer Tracy, who now looms up along the Hollywood horizon as the best bet of the cinema year, as the result of two smashing performances in "Fury" and "San Francisco." A year ago, it was Victor McLaglen who won the Academy award for the year's outstanding performance in "The Informer." This year, Tracy will be in the forefront of the select group who will fight it out for the premiere award of the celluloid pundits.

He has been on his way to flicker fame since October, 1930. That was the year that Hollywood reached across the continent to the Broadway stage on which Tracy was playing the part of Killer Mears in "The Last Mile" and signed him to a contract. Perhaps you remember that particular part, the convicts shaking and banging at the bars of their cells as the electric lights went on and off—indicating that the electric chair had collected a promissory note due to the State. The part of Killer Mears did not reflect too much glory on Tracy. It was actor-proof. Curiously enough, both Gable and Tracy, teamed in "San Francisco," won their screen jobs through Killer Mears. Gable was playing the part in a road company of "The Last Mile" when Warner's snared him, only to turn him loose later.

From 1930 to 1936, Tracy appeared in perhaps eighteen pictures. The pictures ranged from bad to good, but though the flickers lacked consistency, his performances always were excellent. Of those early pictures, I liked best his work in "The Show-

THE BEST BET OF THE YEAR

Off" filmed in 1934. In fact I was so impressed by it that in the following day's column, I suggested that he was the brightest possibility among the younger Coast actors. He was, I said, in the vanguard of the youngsters upon whom the movies must rely to replace the aging veterans. But the movies, with fine indifference to this critical accolade, continued to drop him into pictures that failed to capitalize on the Milwaukee performer's complete capabilities.

And then came "Fury" from the pen of Norman Krasna. There was plenty of raw meat in this one, meat enough for a Killer Mears to sink his teeth in, and sufficient shading to establish the contrast of restraint and furious bitterness. Tracy was magnificent in the part, bringing to it a broad understanding of the character and a sensitive interpretation that made movie fans sit up in their chairs, tense with horror.

But "Fury" was not quite enough. It was reminiscent, you see, of Killer Mears. Tracy was on the way but he needed something completely different, a part completely removed from blood-and-thunder. And he found that as the priest in "San Francisco," for when he donned the clergyman's collar, it was Hollywood's benediction.

There have been many priests brought to the stage and the screen. None, however, that matches the priest which Spencer Tracy brings to warm, human existence on the Barbary Coast of San Francisco. His "Father Tim" will be recognized in every Catholic parish in America, and perhaps the original walked the streets of Milwaukee when Spencer Tracy was going to the public schools there. It was the integrity of the priestly portrait that Tracy paints which lifted him high among the Hollywood performers. Here is no raucous individual, nor one seeking your sympathy with obvious hokum—here is no compromise—"Father Tim" is as great a feat of make-believe as Laughton's "Captain Bligh," or the Rothschild who was born in the genius of George Arliss, or the Juliet of Norma Shearer. This is magnificent work, on a high plane.

In the scene in the mission, when Tracy, as the priest, is boiling a cup of coffee for Mary Blake (Jeanette MacDonald), there is one brilliant line that you will never forget. "Father Tim" is chatting about his boyhood with Blackie Norton (Clark Gable), and chuckles as he recalls that they didn't go to church every Sunday: "That reminds me—that little Tim Rooney wasn't at Mass this morning," Tracy says suddenly and jots it down on his memo pad. If the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences were to give a separate trophy for one blinding flash of perfect "timing," they would have to select this moment. It was what the stage would call a terrific "bit of business."

So prison and pulpit have combined this year to hang Tracy's picture in the Hall of Fame—the prison in "Fury," the pulpit in "San Francisco." Of the two, I prefer the latter although "Fury" gives you an estimate of his versatility and range.

Broadway is not startled at Tracy's brilliance. The Stem knew, as far back as "Baby Cyclone" that here was a youngster destined to go places and do things. That was a George M. Cohan show and it was the Milwaukee lad's first big click. As I recall, it played at the Henry Miller Theatre in the fall of 1927. Tracy held his

[*Continued on page* 58]



Jeanette MacDonald (above) and Sylvia Sidney (at left) co-starred with him in his smashing, personal triumphs.



His polo is genuine —not a publicity stunt.

SOME WAIT FOR FAME AND

ALL head waiters have nervous indigestion—particularly those who work in Hollywood.

But that's natural. By the time you take an order for a rare steak without any seasoning and a glass of grapefruit juice, for Suzie Blotz, one for raw vegetable salad with non-fattening mineral oil dressing for Sadie Glutz, rush through a couple of lobsters for Gary Cooper, and get Papa and Mama Tourist satisfied with a 40-cent plate of scrambled eggs, you don't care much about eating. You have indigestion from trying to keep other people's digestions working well.

People are always asking me what movie stars like to eat. Why, I don't know. They are just like everybody else with their food preferences. Some like cold, some hot food. Jean Harlow likes sour cream and cottage cheese salads and always a glass of claret wine with a meal. James Cagney likes sea food salads, while Pat O'Brien enjoys stews and Irish bacon and eggs. Marlene Dietrich has an appetite like a man. She eats hearty things such as veal cutlets, pot roasts and the like. Herbert Marshall is not only most particular about the way his food is served, but he orders a meal beautifully. At the same moment this fastidious gentleman who has his tea every afternoon at three o'clock, is partial to our American sardines and rye bread for luncheon or a late snack.

Shirley Temple is my sweetheart! Isn't she everybody's? She adores mocha cake and her mother won't let her eat it! On St. Valentine's Day, I took a cake that we had baked especially for her in the Fox-20th Century kitchens, to her in her dressing room, but her mother refused to let her eat it.

"Could I just stick my finger in the cake?" Shirley whispered to me. I said, "Of course." So I stood with my back to Mrs. Temple so she couldn't see, and Shirley took her little finger, plunged it deep into the cake and licked it off. She was as happy and probably happier inside her tummy, than if she'd eaten as much as she wanted.

With suggestions from the headwaiter, most people can make up their minds what they want to eat within a very few minutes. But two who used to take their time were Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., when they were first married. They would talk sweet nothings to each other for a half to a whole hour before they even looked at the menu. That was at the Brown Derby.

Later, I waited on Miss Crawford and Mr. Franchot Tone. While these, too, were romantic luncheons, there was no such delay about ordering, and one day I witnessed a very amusing battle between the two of them over food. Joan, as many other famous women I could name, always likes to give something from her plate to her companion. She never seems to have enjoyed her luncheon until she has done this. But one day, Mr. Tone rebelled strenuously against tasting her proverbial lamb chop and green salad, and Joan was very hurt. He was sweet but firm about it, and right there I decided to bet on Mr. Tone as being the guy that would wear the pants in that family!



The Brown Derby Restaurant, with its unique architecture, is one of the show places of Hollywood.



Gary Cooper



Joan Bennett



Nick Janios, a diplomat among temperamental stars.



Pat O'Brien

Stu Erwin and his beautiful wife, June Collyer, are always recognized by the visitors.

OME WAIT ON TABLES

"Nick," Formerly Headwaiter At The Brown Derby, Recalls His Experiences Serving The Stars.

As told to
Muriel Babcock



John Boles



Carole Lombard



Constance Bennett



Allan Jones and Irene Hervey at the Brown Derby. Since "Show Boat," Allan has become very popular.

Madeleine Carroll, beautiful English actress, and Clifford Odets are caught by the candid camera.

Brown Derby photos by Bruce Bailey

I never hurry anybody away from their eating. Sometimes in the Vine Street Derby, I used to go crazy. Sightseers would come in early, order twenty-five or fifty cents worth of food, and spend four hours at a table just gaping at movie stars although I needed their space for important, working picture people who were standing in line at the door. But I never hurried them. I don't think it is a good idea to rush anybody out of a restaurant or to make them feel, no matter what the circumstances, that they are being rushed. A person should take plenty of time to eat his food and to digest it.

Janet Gaynor eats very sensibly. For lunch she enjoys a green salad best of all. I always fix her a special one of green vegetables, chopped up white meat of chicken, chopped eggs, and a mixed dressing. It is delicious really. She doesn't care for desserts. Yes, some of our women stars, despite the stories you hear of lamb chop and pineapple starvation diets, love their desserts. Sally Blane is one. She has a passion for cheese cake. At any time, at any meal, she can be persuaded to eat a generous piece.

You would never know Constance and Joan Bennett were sisters from the way they eat. Connie likes cold cuts and hearty steaks and is also partial to chopped up tenderloin made-to-order in stew fashion with fresh tomatoes, fresh mushrooms, and a Sherry wine sauce. Joan Bennett likes delicate sea food, salads and tea!

Wally Beery, for a big man, is very fussy about his food. His favorite luncheon dish is a green salad with a sour French dressing. With this he takes about four cups of coffee. Tom Mix, on the other hand, likes corn beef and cabbage and drinks only beer. The Countess di Frasso usually eats lamb chops and mushrooms. Kay Francis and Carole Lombard are fond of pineapple salads. Charlie Chaplin likes cherry-stone clams. I'll never forget how annoyed Mr. Chaplin was on one occasion when he had to eat caviar because we didn't have enough cherry-stone clams. Most people would have been thrilled at the idea of caviar, but not Charlie!

Contrary to what many people think, waiters would rather serve someone who is fussy about their food than someone who doesn't care what is set before them. They appreciate a knowledge of good, well-cooked food, and they appreciate discrimination in ordering. They really don't mind people who are on special diets for they know those people will be thoughtful in ordering and appreciate what is set before them.

Speaking of diets, if you are working under high pressure and have trouble digesting your food, I would suggest that you stay away from rich dressings and bread and butter. You [*Continued on page* 72]

3 SMASH HITS YOU MUST SEE!



Reunited in the best love story The Saturday Evening Post ever published!

WARNER BAXTER and MYRNA LOY

IN *To Mary—with Love*

with

IAN HUNTER and CLAIRE TREVOR

JEAN DIXON



SING BABY SING

Even more laughs than in "Thanks a Million"

with

ALICE FAYE

ADOLPHE MENJOU

GREGORY RATOFF · TED HEALY

PATSY KELLY · MICHAEL WHALEN

RITZ BROTHERS



HERBERT MARSHALL and RUTH CHATTERTON

in

GIRLS' DORMITORY

introducing the star discovery of 1936

SIMONE SIMON

(pronounced See-mŏan See-mŏan)

with

CONSTANCE COLLIER · J. EDWARD BROMBERG

DIXIE DUNBAR · JOHN QUALEN

SHIRLEY DEANE

All from

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck in charge of production

FRANKLY TWENTY-SIX

Joan Bennett Has Gladly Relinquished The Naïvete Of The *Jeunne Fille* In Favor Of The Glamour Of A Sophisticated Young Woman.



ove) When she playing sweet ng things in in- uous romances, (at right) as she looks today.



Acme





A scene with Joel McCrea from her latest film, "Two in a Crowd," and (at right) entertaining the press upon her recent arrival in London.

)ECAUSE of her delicate beauty and youthful) appearance, Joan Bennett has had the rôles of insipid ingénues thrust under her pretty nose for , these many years. Even after her marriage to Gene arkey, the screen writer, and the advent of a second aughter, Melinda, (her first, Diana, is about seven ow) producers still refused to listen to her pleas for rôle with some genuine "guts" to it.

Then "Private Worlds" came along and convinced roducers and fans alike that Joan Bennett could ally act. Since then she has been given a succession f meaty rôles that have definitely typed her as a mart, up-to-the-minute young woman who is rapidly ecoming a competitor for the halo surrounding some f the most assured young stars in Hollywood.

A BRIEF GLIMPSE OF THE COMING

The New Season Promises A Rich Crop For The Avid Movie-Goer.



Nova Pilbeam and Sir Cedric Hardwicke in "Nine Days A Queen."



George Arliss and Ballard Berkley in "East Meets West."



A scene from "The Last of the Mohicans" with Henry Wilcoxon, Randolph Scott, Binnie Barnes and Robert Barrat.

(Below) Charles Boyer, Marlene Dietrich, C. Aubrey Smith and Basil Rathbone in "The Garden of Allah."





Loretta Young, Pedro de Cordoba and Kent Taylor in "Ramona."

(Above) Luise Rainer and Paul Muni haggle with the peach vendor during one of the lighter moments in "The Good Earth."

PICTURES





Madeleine Carroll looks as if she enjoyed Gary Cooper's intrusion in this scene from "The General Died At Dawn."



"To Mary — With Love" seems to offer food for deep thought on the part of its co-stars, Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter.

HOLLYWOOD has never before offered such a varied and colorful assortment of pictures. No matter what your individual taste may be, there is bound to be something o please you in the Fall line-up of the important studios. rittle, modern romance is represented, as well as romance nctured with the exotic fragrance and mystery of foreign imes. There is plenty of realistic drama for those who wish o remain close to earth, and an abundance of action and ex-tement for lovers of melodrama. Costume stories of a by-one day, having either an historical or purely romantic back-round, are also much in favor. And it won't be long now efore you see Charles Laughton as Rembrandt, Ronald Col-an as Mark Anthony in "Julius Caesar," and the glamourous arbo as the famous Countess Walewska, friend of Napoleon.

THAT PLEASANT

Between Pictures The Screen Players Have Time To Indulge Themselves A Little.

THE members of the film colony relish the brief period between pictures because it is then that they can pursue their favorite hobbies. Once upon a time it was polo that captured the attention of the male element, but the producers soon put a stop to that, what with one star after another being laid up "during production" with sore spots on various sections of their precious anatomies.

So now they are forced to seek relaxation of a less destructive nature. And, judging by their happy smiles, they seem to be having a fine time in their own quiet way.



Warren William has perfected the art of whip-cracking. He can flick the ashes from your cigarette at twenty feet! Not bad.



James Stewart snaps your picture if you're willing, while Jean Harlow—of all things—gets a kick out of embroidering.

But Olivia de Havilland goes arty on us in a big way—she messes around with clay and turns out some really beautiful pieces of sculpture, as you can see.



NTERLUDE!

One of the finest collections of rare books in Hollywood is owned by Pat O'Brien. He also likes to tinker with the radio.

Robert Young and Florence Rice can spend hours just watching the antics of a couple of playful kittens.

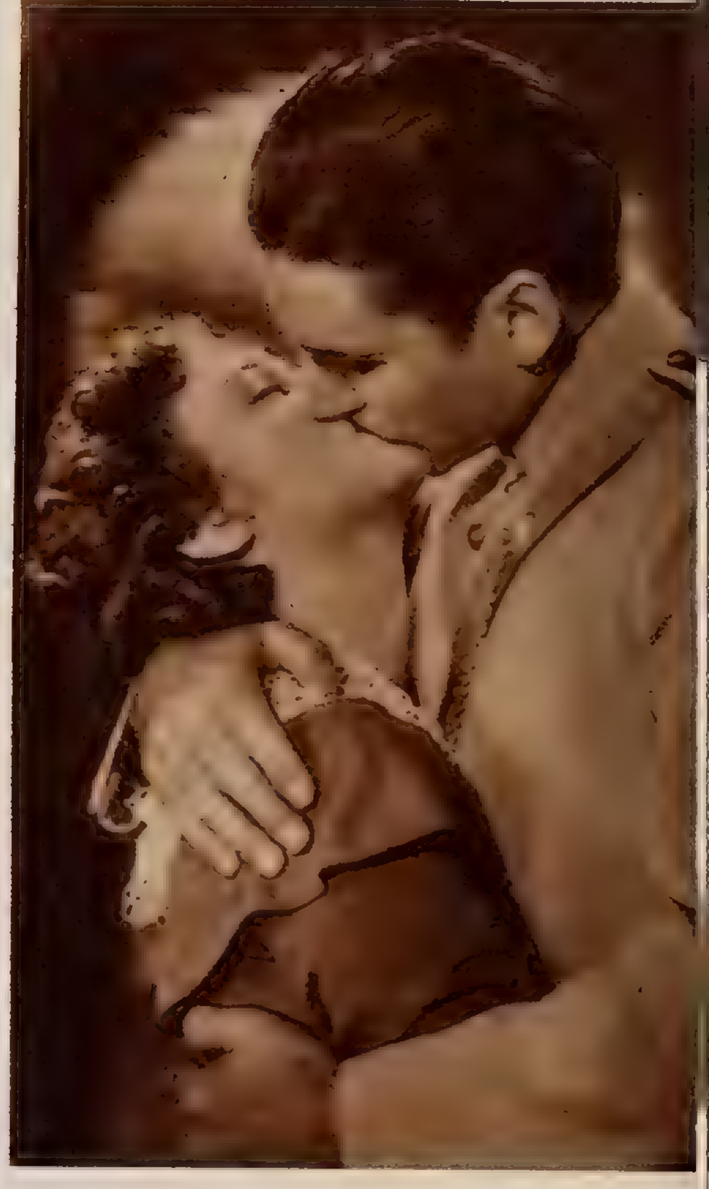
(Below) Sybil Jason shows us the correct way to hold the reins. (At right) Jackie Cooper is an ardent stamp collector. Here you see him proudly displaying his rare finds to two admiring girl friends.

"—To See Her Is To Love Her"

"—Every Pang That Rends The Heart Bids Expectation Rise."



George Brent has almost convinced Kay Francis that love conquers all, in "Give Me Your Heart."



Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland have no doubts left—at least not during this moment of rapture in "The Charge of the Light Brigade."



In "My Man Godfrey," William Powell seems to have Carole Lombard completely under his spell.

ALL for love and the world well lost has been the motto of Hollywood. And, no wonder. When you see these exquisite girls in the arms of the handsome young men of the film colony, your heart is bound to skip a beat—or two. Considering the turmoil of our work-a-day world, and the domestic problems that perhaps harass us when we reach home, isn't it a delight to know that when one takes a seat in a darkened movie theatre all will come right in the end? No matter what difficulties beset our heroine, you may rest assured that when the finale is reached she will be safe in the arms of her adored one. At least, that's the case in nine pictures out of ten. And we can skip the tenth. What do you say?



Always intense, Joan Crawford is completely lost to the world when Melvyn Douglas takes her into his arms in "The Gorgeous Hussy."



(At left) Jean Harlow is obviously delighted by Cary Grant's devotion—in "Suzy."

(Above) Margo and John Howard are very serious about it all, as befits the atmosphere of "Lost Horizon"—but (at right) Loretta Young whispers something that must be as amusing as it is sweet to Don Ameche, in "Ramona."

WHEN AUTUMN DAY

A Preview Of The New Fashions That Will Capture The Heart Of Women Everywhere.



Joan Perry wears a black paper-taffeta gown, with lacquer applique in the form of bouquets, for formal wear.



(Below) Here June Travis wears the very newest thing in street ensembles. Short brown satin sleeves accent the tile speckled wool frock, and the short double-breasted jacket is trimmed with brown caracul buttons and pockets.





For informal evenings at home, Claire Trevor dons these svelte Chinese blue velvet hostess pajamas.



Clever accessories make a sport costume distinguished. June Travis wears a light capeskin tam, with gauntlet gloves and mailpouch bag suspended from a shoulder strap, all three with lacings of the same leather.

COME AROUND

THERE'S nothing more interesting under the sun—or under the moon and stars for that matter—than clothes. At least to a woman. Men have their failings in that direction, too. But we'll attend to them later. Right now it's the women who have the limelight, for with the first cool blast of autumn they're scurrying hither and yon in search of that new wardrobe guaranteed to disconcert the flintiest male and to cause a spurt of envy in the heart of every female acquaintance. And what more than that could any true daughter of Eve ask?



Maureen O'Sullivan says goodbye to summer in this delicate pink chiffon frock with its youthful net jacket embroidered with silk braid.



(At right) Glenda Farrell effectively contrasts a black sheer wool frock with a collar of white silk braid frogs.

For an overnight transcontinental trip Patricia Ellis takes off in this unusual knee-length coat of rich brown corduroy with deep, cream colored tuxedo reveres.





These shoes ought to see you through the best of days—and nights! London tan sabots for the morning, black suede pumps trimmed with patent leather for afternoons, and metallic kid appliqued on satin sandals for formal wear.





Men Like To Dress Up, Too!



(Above) Randolph Scott and Henry Wilcoxon, in "The Last of the Mohicans," carry off the picturesque garb of pre-Revolutionary days with considerable aplomb. (At left) Fred Stone, quite pleased with himself in "My American Wife," and (at right) Francis Lederer in the same picture, looking oh, so debonair.

The New Pictures Are Giving The Handsome Screen Heroes Plenty Of Opportunity To Show How Fascinating They Are In Uniforms Or Period Costumes.

The girls will go simply mad about Robert Taylor when they see him in his distinguished naval uniform in "The Gorgeous Hussy." James Stewart also takes on an unexpected air of romance in his high white stock and huge bow tie.

(Below) Errol Flynn can afford to be nonchalant in such a flattering uniform. What girl could resist him?

Robert Warwick is most formidable in his "Capulet" regalia for "Romeo and Juliet."

BANISHING DULL CARE

The Screen Players Have Their Fun— Even As You And I



Ann Sothern sends a fast one over the net.



EVERYBODY who listens to tall tales of the film colony gathers the impression that they eat, sleep and talk "shop" for the full twenty-four hours of the day and night, including time out for parties, of course. But they're wrong. The stars have their play interlude, too, during which they indulge their keen love for indoor and outdoor sports.

Well—see for yourself!



(Above) Ginger Rogers is as adept a bicycler as she is a dancer—and that's saying *somethin'*.

(At left) The game of billiards utterly fascinates Madeleine Carroll—see how she concentrates on a tricky shot.



"Never lead with your left," Mushy Callaghan, former world's welter champion, advises George Brent, and George is of the same idea—now.



Donald Woods is an enthusiastic angler.



(Below) Guy Kibbee is proud of his daughter Shirley Ann's absorption in his favorite sport.





Alice Faye and Tyrone Power, Jr., also find billiards a diverting pastime.

"A hole in one—or else!" is what Pat O'Brien is muttering to himself.

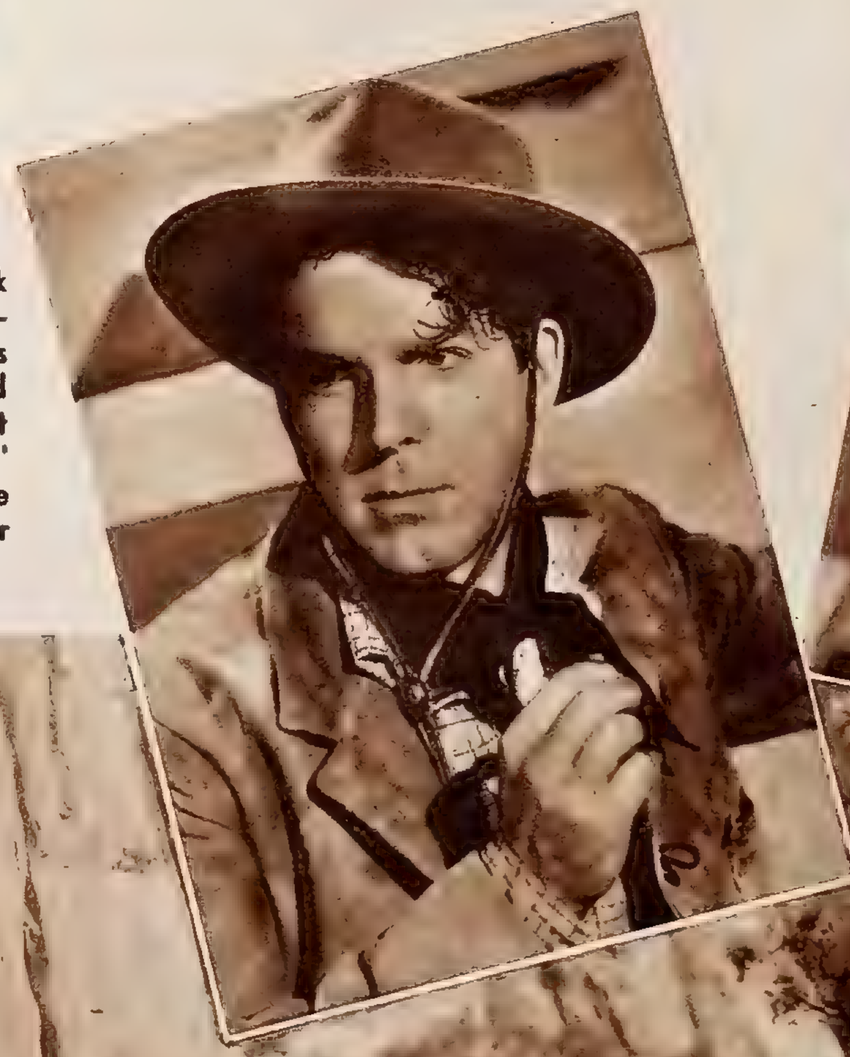
HEADIN' SOUTH TO

"The Texas Rangers" Are Riding To A High Spot In Paramount's Round-Up For The Year.



With Jean Parker in his arms, Fred MacMurray feels strong enough to face every problem that confronts him. And there are plenty!

Fred and Jack Oakie look mighty serious about this business of curbing the tempestuous emotions of cattle rustlers and Indians on the warpath. The fact that they were "bad men" themselves once upon a time only deepens their disdain for the culprits.







THE RIO GRANDE!



It looks as if Fred MacMurray, Bennie Bartlett and Jack Oakie are really up against it here.



The old Indian squaw is telling Jean her fortune. It's embarrassing because the dark man of her dreams happens to be listening in—it's Fred MacMurray, of course. But Jack Oakie is interested too.

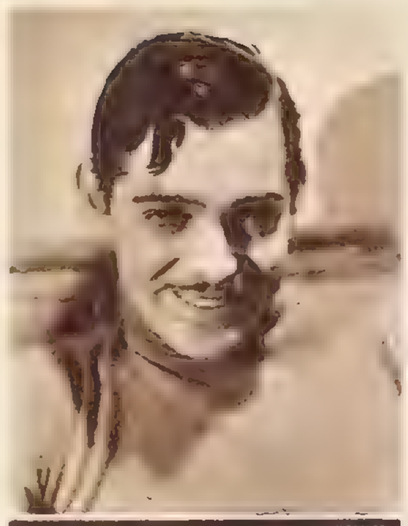
(At right) They seem to come out of it long enough for a brief laugh with Jean Parker, but (below) they're at it again and this time Fred and Jack seem to be at cross-purposes.



FOR a while interest in the open plains was shelved in favor of the glamour and excitement of the teeming cities.

But now, when Paramount casts Fred MacMurray, their most romantic young player, in the rôle of a Texas Ranger in this colorful epic picture of the Southwest, you may rest assured they are confident that today Texas has regained all the glory of a past that will not soon be forgotten.





Clark Gable



Jeanette MacDonald



Nelson Eddy



Ginger Rogers



Franchot Tone

Joel McCrea

Marlene Dietrich

(Above) Robert Taylor

THE 1936 SILVER SCREEN GOLD MEDAL

WILL BE AWARDED TO

The Most Popular Star ON THE Screen



Gary Cooper

John Howard

Merle Oberon

Henry Fonda

Fred MacMurray

Irene Dunne

Garbo

Claudette Colbert



Fredric March



Norma Shearer

Vote For Your Favorite Player. You Have The Privilege Of Voting For Any Player You Desire—Man Or Woman—Whether His Or Her Picture Is Represented On This Page Or Not. Don't Miss This Opportunity Of Helping The One You Like Best To Win This Beautiful Medal.



Shirley Temple, who won the Gold Medal last year

Fill Out This Ballot. The Player Receiving The Most Votes Will Be Awarded The Medal.

Mail this ballot before Sept. 8, 1936

SILVER SCREEN GOLD MEDAL CONTEST, 1936

I vote for

Voter

Address

City State

Send to Silver Screen Gold Medal Editor, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

EVERY year the readers of this magazine, by their votes, award the Silver Screen Gold Medal to the Most Popular Player on the screen. By voting yourself, and securing votes from your friends, you can in some measure repay your favorite player for the pleasure you have received from his or her performances, and you may be very sure that the player who wins the medal will be very proud and happy to receive this impartial proof of his or her popularity. Send in your ballots before September 8, 1936 as the polls close at midnight on that date. In the event of a tie, medals of equal value will be awarded to each tying contestant.

ONLY A "BIT" GIRL

But Isabel Jewell Sees Utopia Just Ahead

By Whitney Williams

THE film "Lost Horizon" marks the finding of her own horizon for Isabel Jewell.

Coincident with her being selected for one of the important rôles in this unusual screen story, Isabel found within herself the peace and fulfillment of purpose she eternally seeks in the picture. As though Fate itself, following four long bitter years of disappointment and struggle, elected to lend a guiding hand, she finally is achieving the realization of her dreams.

Life has not been easy for the little actress who trekked out to Hollywood four years ago from the Broadway stage, to enact in the screen version of "Blessed Event" the part she created on the stage in its original form. She has had to undergo setbacks such as few Hollywood actresses are called upon to endure, and still emerge with their heads erect and a smile on their lips. Hollywood has treated her shabbily, no mistaking that, but never once has she been tempted to quit and give up the screen as a bad job. Isabel's not that kind, she's not the "quitter" type. She knew exactly what she wanted, and was willing to make sacrifices to gain her end.

When she arrived in the film capital, she realized she had a hard road to travel. Hollywood fairly teemed with beautiful girls, and Isabel had never considered herself any more than passably pretty. To compete with such loveliness meant buckling down to the most laborious back-breaking toil, but Isabel possessed the courage of youth and the enthusiasm of a born artist.

Circumstances, however, played against her from the first. Summoned from the east to step into her showgirl part in "Blessed Event," the studio did not even accord her a screen test. She knew nothing about film make-up. The make-up department, never having seen her before, merely slapped greasepaint on her face as they would any extra girl, and Isabel walked onto the set without the vaguest knowledge of anything pertaining even remotely to screen-craft.

The outcome, of course, was disastrous. The beauty that naturally is hers was hidden as though behind a mask. Few of her friends recognized her as she trouped with Lee Tracy in the latter sequences of that film. That she displayed an unmistakable talent for dramatic acting was entirely beside the point. She did not photograph well—how could she, when she did not understand make-up technique and the studio had evinced no inclination of remedying this unfortunate situation? And that made her undesirable screen timber.

The picture ended in May and Isabel did not work again until February. Hollywood seemed to have forgotten her.

"Nobody would believe I had the ghost of a chance," Isabel now says, looking back on those gloomy days, "and producers were afraid to cast me in a picture. They remembered how I appeared in my first film and judged me accordingly. Talk as I would, I couldn't convince anybody that the reason I hadn't looked well was because I hadn't been properly made up."

Even in those months of cheerlessness, Isabel was scanning the far horizon, beyond which lay fame and success. Through discouragement and disillusionment she kept her eyes ever on her objective, ever onward, until today . . . But I'm getting ahead of my story.

Since the screen would have none of her, Isabel turned again to the stage . . . but in Hollywood. Otto Kruger was to star in "Counsellor-At-Law" at the El Capitan Theatre, and the actress won the part of the fast-talking telephone operator.

Immediately, Hollywood sat up and took notice of her work. Even John Barrymore nodded his head sagely, in approval of this petite actress, and when he made the screen version of "Counsellor-At-Law" he insisted that Isabel enact her rôle in the picture.

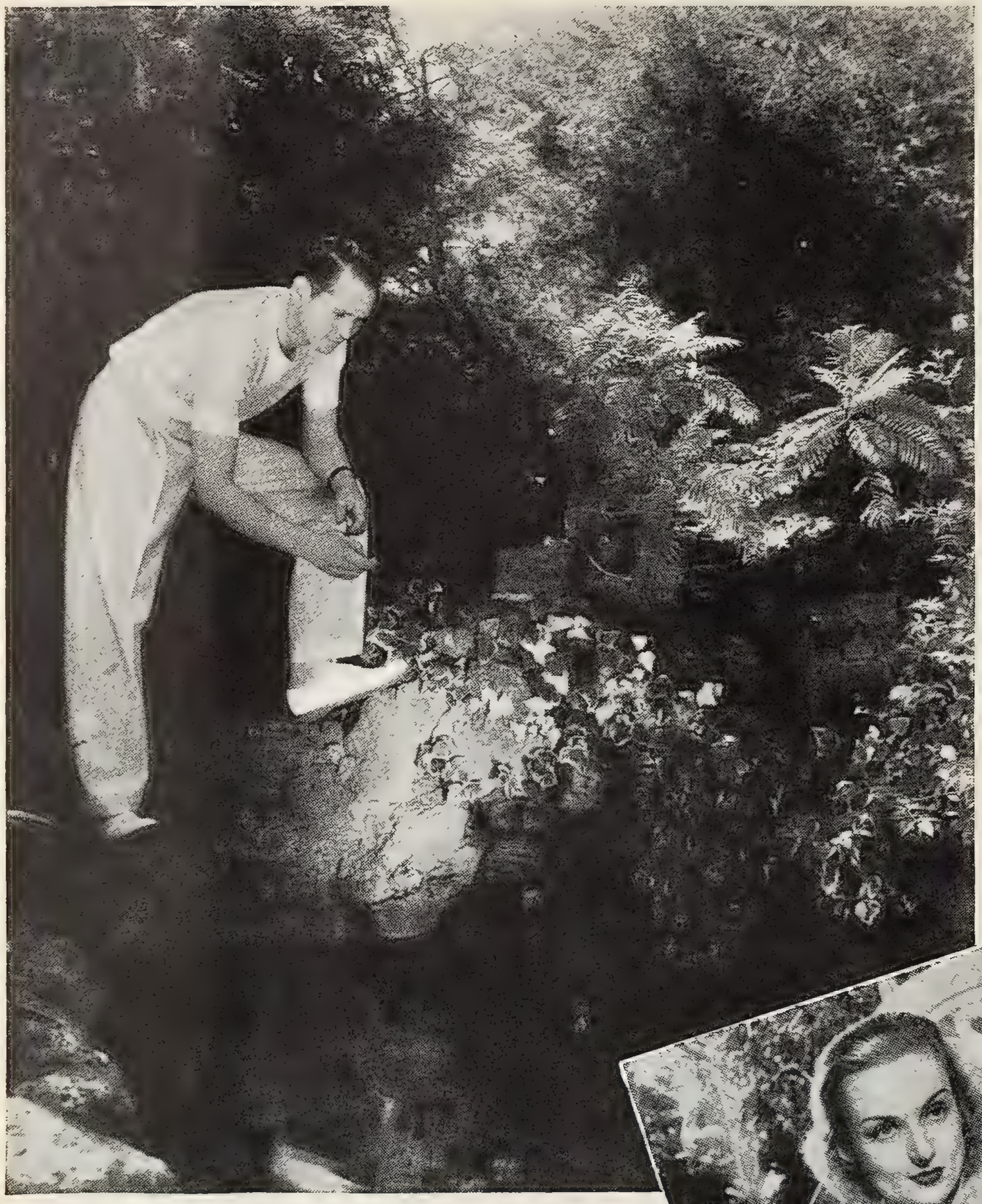
"Now . . ." thought Jewell, "here's where I finally go to town."

She did, in the film. She stood out in gemlike clarity. And, for a time, the future beckoned with alluring promise.

She played the leading feminine rôle opposite Otto Kruger in that actor's initial starring picture, "The Women in His Life," and appeared prominently in several more productions. Metro-Goldwyn placed her under contract. Instead of continuing to cast her in sizable rôles, she was relegated—with one exception, that of the girl in "Evelyn Prentice"—to unimportant parts that decidedly did not further her career. Once more, she appeared to be forgotten. Whenever any small part would be up for casting in a film, the executives [*Continued on page* 76]



FRIENDS



Franchot Tone relaxing in his garden. His music teacher is responsible for his absolute peace of mind.

REMEMBER the good old days when Hollywood was a babe in arms and C. B. DeMille was glorifying the American bath tub? "We" of the talkies refer to that period as the silent era. Theda Bara, fresh from her triumphs in "The Rose of Blood," sported an orchid Rolls Royce, with great Russian wolf hounds at her feet. Mae Murray pouted her bee-stung lips and merrily clicked her French heels along "Peacock Alley."

All the blondes were pink and white in those days. And wore long black veils, draped around and caught up under their chins to give that nun-like appearance. D. W. Griffith, the megaphone master, boomed off pistols in the shell-like ears of the sisters Gish. This was his little way of creating the mood. (Imagine what Von Sternberg would create today, were he to go sneaking up on Dietrich and fire off a big bertha!)

Life in the silent cinema was scintillating. Nightly the stars gathered their little group of admirers (we'd call them stooges if they existed today) and headed for the bright spots. There was the Sunset Inn (at Santa Monica), Levy's Cafe (on Spring Street in Los Angeles), and Vernon Country Club (not in the country). Merrily they rolled along. Gaiety, dancing, music and excitement reigned supreme.

At all times the star was the center of attraction. Every move made and every word said, were greeted with nods of approval. Attempts at humor were signals for the "friends" to knock themselves out with laughter. It was all a perfect setting for one riding on the crest of the wave. Of course the star always footed the bill. But no one would dare dream of reaching for the check. Such thoughtlessness would be unforgivable. It was understood that the party was on the star. Far be it from the devoted "friends" to take advantage of such charming hospitality. They just *couldn't* be that rude!

Came the talkies and adolescent Hollywood grew up over night. Gone was the gay abandon and all the magnificent hooey. And gone were those stars of yesterday, who lived in a world of glorified make-believe. When their careers went to smash, none of their "friends" showed up to pick up the pieces. In the meantime, new stars began twinkling in the cinema heavens. Friendship in Hollywood hit a new low.

Today, most of the stars can boast of friendships that are everything the word implies. To be a friend of the stars, one must be able to fit oneselves into their scheme of things. The excruciating demands of talking pictures leave little time for play. Last minute invitations must be accepted without offense as stars are never sure when they will work. Last minute cancellations must also be accepted without offense, as stars are never sure when they will be called back for added scenes.

Times have changed and so have conditions. The stars are wiser in the progress they have made. The friends surrounding them are those who like them for themselves and respect them as artists. Because the stars lead such emotional lives in their average working day, allowances are made by the understanding ones. They offer a certain loyalty, because it is given them in return. They try to be available when they are needed. They try to keep away when they are not. The rules of friendship (if any) with a movie star are quite contrary to anything that has gone before. But it's



Carole Lombard and Fred Astaire both have friends who gladly take care of all the irritating details.

OF THE STARS

They Are Always Ready To Lend A Helping Hand.

By Jerry Asher

been proven on many an occasion just how genuine it can be.

When Fred Astaire arrived in Hollywood, he was a pretty bewildered young man. After years of great success on the stage, he suddenly found himself in a strange land, among strange people. In spite of the fact that he was under contract at a large salary, the studio loomed up as some unconquered enemy. It seems incongruous, yet Fred used to approach the gateman with sinking heart. He was afraid he wouldn't be recognized and have difficulty in gaining admittance.

The first day on the lot Fred met a young man from the publicity department. The young man in question was the brother of an actor and used to being around sensitive people. Gratefully Fred allowed himself to be taken in tow. Every morning until he became acquainted around the lot, Fred called the publicity man from home. By the time Fred arrived at the studio, the young man was waiting to meet him at the gate.

Fred has been in Hollywood almost four years and the story of his success is screen history. The publicity man is still his best friend around the studio. Early each morning he drops by Fred's dressing room and tells him a new joke. Fred, who is prone to worry and fret even when everything is going good, is put in a good mood for the day. Recently Fred took a trip to New York. The publicity man, who has a family in the East, went along in Fred's party. Many times when Fred is asked to endorse phony products or pose for undignified pictures, the publicity man will get him out of it gracefully. Fred, in turn, appreciates that consideration and will come to the studio on a Sunday morning to pose for some special publicity photographs.

As a rule, a star and her director confine their interests to the sound stage. But such is not the case with Carole Lombard. A director on a recent picture is one of Carole's closest friends. At times they have long serious conversations about her part in a picture. Even if the director has nothing to do with its production, his friendship for Carole inspires him to offer advice and make suggestions where they will do the most good.

Strangely enough, even though they are two young people, romance has never entered into their friendship. Carole loves to laugh and is always planning some gag. The director has the reputation for knowing his comedy and gives Carole stiff competition. The mountain cabin he owns at Lake Arrowhead is a constant source of amusement. Whenever Carole wants to get away from it all, he turns the cabin over to her for the weekend. The papers come out with the news that Carole Lombard is away resting in "her mountain cabin." When he wants to go up for a weekend, the director calls Carole up and asks "if she minds."

Incidentally, this director was first a friend of Bill Powell's. He met Carole while she was married to Bill. The friendship has continued ever since. Once when Carole went to New York the director was making a picture there. Carole arrived at six in the morning. The director had been shooting all night. He left the set just in time to meet Carole. She pretended that she was bored to death at seeing him. He pretended he had come down to meet his Aunt from Patagonia. Then they fell into each other's arms.

Franchot Tone spends most of his spare time in the modest home of his singing teacher. Franchot is bent on an operatic career and, to all evidences, he is to be rewarded. Aside from the fact that his teacher is one of the finest in the country, Franchot honors him as a man and friend. Being much older than Franchot, this teacher offers a wealth of wisdom in the philosophy of life and living. Franchot gets very discouraged at times, because people insist on showering him with flattery.

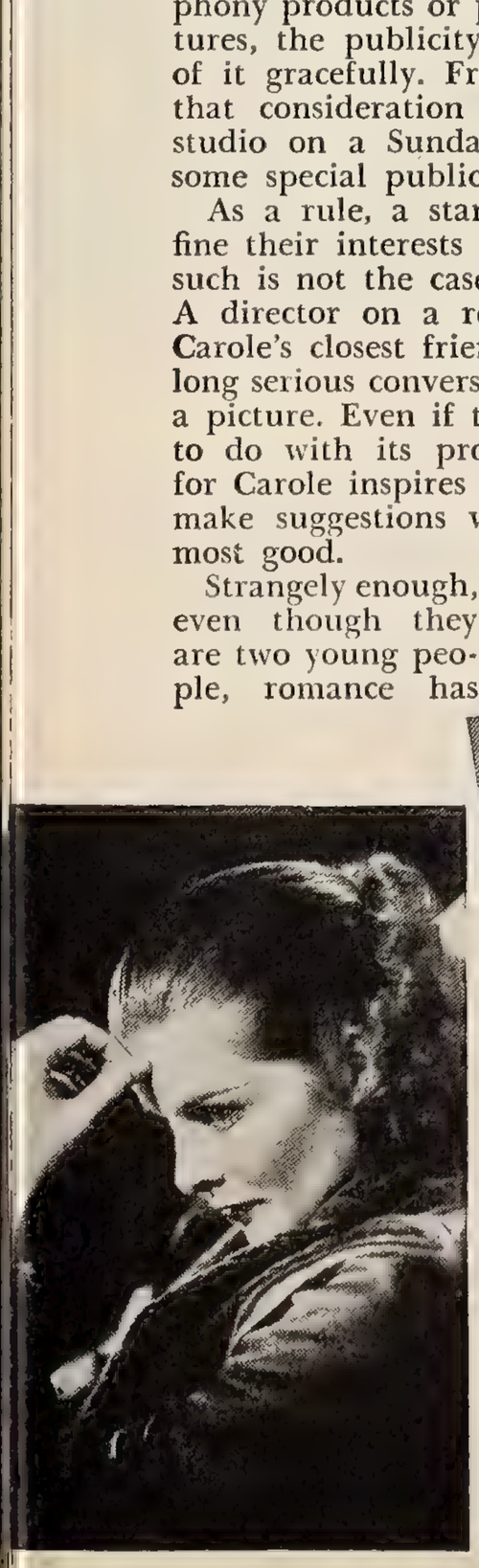
In his music teacher Franchot has found an honest friend. The fact that he is Franchot Tone, the star, does not in any way impress. When he isn't working, Franchot arrives at his teacher's house in the morning. After an hour's lesson he stops for lunch. Across the table they discuss music, the old world masters and the operas. Instead of telling him how great his voice is, the teacher tells Franchot how hard he must work to make it great. After lunch Franchot takes another lesson. When Joan Crawford doesn't have to work at the studio, the singing teacher comes out and teaches both of them at their house. They used to send for him in a car. Last Christmas morning they presented him with a beautiful sedan. Now he can enjoy motoring, even when he doesn't drive out to give them a lesson.

Before she ever came to Hollywood, Katharine Hepburn cemented a sincere friendship. In the east she met a woman who spent a great deal of time traveling around the country. When Hepburn arrived to do pictures, she had practically no friends. Now this friend spends part of every year in Hollywood and a great deal of that time on the sets with Katie. Having no career of her own (and not wanting one) she interested herself in moving pictures.

On the set she watches Hepburn's scenes with a critical eye. In the projection room she sees the rushes and offers frank opinions when asked for them. Occasionally she comes on the set, her arms loaded down with fashion magazines. Together with Hepburn, they go over sketches and discuss the clothes on a forthcoming production. Sometimes, for a laugh, she drives Hepburn's station wagon to the studio, the back filled up with all the Hepburn dogs. At all times she is a frank and honest friend. Naturally she'd have to be that way —because Hepburn is that kind of person herself.

John Beal's best friend proved himself

[*Continued on page* 66]





This is the way Katharine Hepburn, Francis Lederer and John Beal worried before they transferred their problems to the willing shoulders of sincere friends.





Anne Shirley enjoys the companionship and encouragement of a girl her own age.

REVIEWS OF



MY MAN GODFREY

A "SPOT" OF PARK AVENUE—*Universal*

HERE'S an utterly mad comedy riot that doesn't make sense, no matter how you look at it, and you'll probably look at it while rolling in the aisle. It's deliciously insane, and the only complaint you can make is that the audience laughs so loud that you miss half the lines. Carole Lombard and ex-husband William Powell are co-starred in this bit of goofy nonsense and both of them give the top-notch farce performances of their career. When Miss Lombard and Mr. Powell choose to go mad, no one can go madder, and when they are assisted by such expert farceurs as Alice Brady, Eugene Pallette, Franklin Pangborn, and Jean Dixon, well you can just imagine the absurd results.

The picture opens at the swanky Waldorf in New York where the Park Avenue Crowd are throwing a scavenger hunt. Carole, about the dizziest debutante Park Avenue ever sponsored, must find a Forgotten Man, so she dashes out to a city dump on the East River and picks up a hobo whom she takes to the party. Powell is of course Godfrey, the hobo. Carole gets him a job as butler in her harum-scarum home and the fun continues.

Alice Brady gives a gorgeous performance as Carole's silly, nit-wit mother who goes in for proteges—Mischa Auer being her latest. Gail Patrick is her older sister and Eugene Pallette is her father. Jean Dixon is brilliant as the hard-boiled maid who knows all the family secrets. There's a conventional ending of course—the hobo turns out to be a Boston socialite—but the laughs are so many and so grand that you can't object to a few conventions.



"M'Liss," from the pen of Bret Harte, that romantic writer of pioneer yarns, has been brought to the screen with Guy Kibbee and Anne Shirley in two of the principle rôles.

SPENDTHRIFT

PLEASANT ENTERTAINMENT—*Walter Wanger*

A FROTHY little unpretentious comedy of the Grade B. variety. Henry Fonda, charming and ingratiating, plays a wealthy young sportsman who suddenly finds himself heir to a racing stable and a flock of bad debts. How he becomes a worthy citizen and wins the right girl is the plot of the picture.

The right girl is Pat Patterson, the stableman's daughter, pretty, pert, and Irish. Mary Brian plays a scheming little Southern minx who goes to work on Henry with great big eyes and a thick accent. June Brewster plays a wise-cracking Broadway belle with a sugar-daddy in tow. Richard Carle, J. M. Kerrigan, and Edward Brophy give splendid performances but it is George Barbier, a hypochondriac with thirty millions and a bad temper who walks off with the acting honors.

THE RETURN OF SOPHIE LANG

THE MISSING JEWELS AGAIN—*Paramount*

A GRAND mystery story, about jewel thievery instead of murder, thank goodness, and with Gertrude Michael once more giving her suave and distinctive portrayal of the notorious Sophie Lang. In England they thought Sophie had been dead for five years, why there was even a grave with a marker in a little English churchyard to prove it, but in reality Sophie was only trying to bury her past.

One man, the ace jewel thief of England, Sir Guy Standing, knew Sophie's secret, and he expected to make the most of it. Sophie, now a companion to a wealthy woman, Elizabeth Patterson, accompanies the kindly old lady to America—along with the famous Kruger diamond.

On the boat is a good-looking whimsical young reporter, Ray Milland, who is very much in love with the subdued Sophie. And also on the boat is none other than Sir Guy,

PICTURES



An off-stage shot taken during the filming of "My Man Godfrey." That's Carole Lombard, Bill Powell, Gail Patrick, Mischa Auer, Alice Brady, Eugene Pallette and Director Gregory La Cava.

◈

all set to steal the diamond and plant the blame on Sophie. There's much excitement, plot and counter-plot, all of which is most interesting.

After a series of rather so-so pictures Gertrude Michael has a chance in this one to act to advantage—she is perfect as Sophie Lang. Why not more Sophie Lang stories, and fewer mercy killings?

THREE CHEERS FOR LOVE

A PLEASANT BLEND OF MUSIC AND DANCING AND PRETTY GIRLS—*Paramount*

IT'S good old summertime, says Paramount, and time for a mental vacation. So here's a little musical, unprepossessing to be sure, but with plenty of delightful music, gay comedy, pretty girls, and expert tap dancing to keep your spirits up these warmish evenings. A show troupe moves in on an old-fashioned school for young ladies (My, my, it's the Charm School again) and proceeds to jazz it up with a hi de ho.

A daughter of a famous Hollywood producer is one of the pupils in the school and the idea, of course, is to put on such a show that papa will hand them all contracts. He does.

Young Eleanore Whitney, playing her first lead, looks after most of the dancing, and looks after it well. But she is aided by a new tap "discovery," Louis Da Pron, who is really something when it comes to the rhythmic control—and we'll be seeing him again no doubt. Robert Cummings plays Eleanore's boy friend and sings beautifully, "Learn to Be Lovely," and "Where Is My Heart?" William Frawley, as the manager of the troupe, Grace Bradley, as a high hat chorus girl who occasionally goes native, Elizabeth Patterson, as the school's prim principal, and Roscoe Karns as a dumb electrician, deliver the laughs. It's all very light and gay.

THE BRIDE WALKS OUT

A TRIANGLE THAT DOESN'T GET SERIOUS—*R-K-O*

AND here's a merry, romantic farce, which doesn't make much sense, but who cares so long as it is entertaining—and entertaining it most certainly is. Barbara Stanwyck (out of the marshes with that message to Garcia at last) plays her first light, frothy rôle in this picture, and one look at her doing the Shuffle and Truckin' like mad on the Coney Island excursion boat and immediately you request, albeit you demand, more farce comedies for Barbara.

She plays a working girl who makes fifty dollars a week, and when she falls in love with a chap, who only makes thirty-five and who has definite ideas about his wife not working, she agrees to live on his salary at first. But, finding herself in continual arguments with the butcher, the landlord, and the furniture man she decides to start working again—but secretly. Her husband learns of her deception, they quarrel and separate, and she becomes engaged to a young millionaire—but there's a mad riotous ending that throws them back into each other's arms, and into jail.

The plot doesn't do justice to the picture. It is crammed full of insane scenes that will have you in stitches. Gene Raymond plays the young husband with strong ideals. Robert Young, as a delicious drunk who is always barging in at inopportune times, gives the best performance of his career. And for a comedy team we have Helen Broderick and Ned Sparks with some of the funniest dialogue we've had on the screen in a month of Sundays. You'll like it.

"THE DEVIL DOLL"

A BIZARRE IDEA—*M-G-M*

FANTASTICALLY novel and refreshingly different, this picture boasts of a craftsmanship that stamps it with distinction. Actually, the novelty of the plot is much more important than the drama and histrionic ability of the players.

Lionel Barrymore, disguised as an old woman, is the proprietress of a doll shop. For seventeen years he has suffered in prison and now his life is dedicated to seeking revenge on those who are responsible for his sorrows. He is master (or mistress) of a strange power that reduces human beings to Lilliputian size. Once under his control, they must obey his command. In this manner he avenges the wrong that has also been brought upon his daughter.

Audiences will be fascinated by tiny dolls coming to life, yet remaining in miniature proportions. The photographic effects are easily the best part of the picture. Maureen O'Sullivan is seen briefly as the young daughter. Frank Lawton is her young lover. As an assistant to the "old woman," Rafaela Ottiano proves once again that she should be seen oftener. Juanita Quigley, Grace Ford, Robert Greig, and the late Henry B. Walthall all contribute nicely.

M'LISS

WHOLESOME COMEDY—*R-K-O*

BRET HARTE'S sentimental story of frontier days makes an amiable, easy-



Pat Patterson, Mary Brian and Henry Fonda say "Pouf!" to all that money in this scene from "Spendthrift."



Jean Muir and Thomas Beck in "White Fang," in which Lightning, the wonder dog, has the title rôle. A cool picture for these warm days.

going photoplay which wanders along placidly and charmingly and is bound to be just what the doctor ordered for the family. M'Liss, as you may remember, is a western pioneer girl whose kindly but drunken father dies and leaves her in the care of the town's barber and the town's leading poker player.

These two men have the responsibility of bringing up M'Liss and assisting in smoothing out her romance with the young male school teacher. With a dance hall queen as their adviser they manage to bring up M'Liss as a naive, innocent girl despite all the coarseness of the frontier town.

Eighteen-year-old Anne Shirley plays the adolescent M'Liss with definite charm—no one in Hollywood could have played it as well. John Beal is excellent as the quiet young school teacher who loves her. Guy Kibbee gives a grand performance as the drunken father, and so do Douglass Dumbrille and Frank M. Thomas as the guardians. It's by far one of the best of the family pictures.

WHITE FANG

THE GREAT OPEN SPACES—*Twentieth Century-Fox*

HERE'S a vigorous melodrama of the Alaskan frontier which will appeal to men and all of you gals who went mad over "The Call of the Wild." Plenty of adventure, lusty comedy, man-woman-and-dog romance, and a blizzard that will make you shiver in your seats even in all this heat. The story's about a young sourdough (Michael Whalen) who is accused of killing a man to get possession of his mine.

Poor Mike is just about to be hanged for a murder he didn't commit when his pals rally around him and extricate him from one exciting menace after another. His pals are: Jean Muir, his sweetheart; Slim Summerville, a loyal comrade; Charles Winninger, a tippling frontier doctor; Jane Darwell, a gun-toting motherly soul, AND Lightning, the wonder dog. And, oh how you dog-lovers will go for Lightning. One scene where White Fang, the wolf dog (played by Lightning, of course), goes to attack Whalen in a blinding blizzard, but remains to protect him, is so beautifully played by Lightning that you'll very likely drool like a baby for love of him. Remind us to tell you sometimes how actors hate to play with dogs and babies—they always steal the scenes.

The Best Bet of The Year

[*Continued from page* 33]

own with such accomplished stagers as Grant Mitchell and Nan Sunderland (now Mrs. Walter Huston). But not all was beer and skittles from that point on. Good parts were few and far between. He thought he had found another one when Sam H. Harris cast him in an Owen Davis play, "Dread." It didn't even reach Broadway, the veteran Harris closing it in Brooklyn. But this play is important for its chronological value. In 1929, when he appeared in it, Tracy rated $400 a week, and that is a huge salary for an actor in the legitimate theatre.

"The Last Mile," of course, was his greatest personal triumph. So realistic was this story laid in Sing Sing's "C.C." section —condemned cells—that people became violently sick in the audiences.

With a fine disregard for the superstitions of the theatre, Producer Herman Shumlin opened "The Last Mile" on the night of February 13, 1930. Broadway insisted that Shumlin was flying in the face of the gods for even the numerals in the year—1930—totalled thirteen. But disregarding the calamity croakers, Shumlin opened his play on schedule at the Sam H. Harris Theatre and the morning reviewers pronounced it a smash hit.

It is interesting to note that Shumlin's selection of his cast has been completely vindicated in the passage of years. John Mears was played by Spencer Tracy, who has spurted starward. Another in the all-male cast was Joseph Spurin-Calleia, disregarded by the movies until he scored in "Small Miracle"; a third was Bruce MacFarlane, who later was to emerge as the he-man hero of "Sailor Beware," and a fourth was James Bell, one of the three great Jeeter Lesters in "Tobacco Road." Shumlin's casting of the show was almost uncanny in the light of later developments.

So when Hollywood signed Tracy to a contract, the Milwaukee youngster initiated his flicker career against a sound technical background. His experience had run the gamut from farce to melodrama, and he had learned pace and timing from expert actors and clever directors. Most important, his stage schooling had taught him the things *not to do,* the "corney" gestures and actions that are labelled "ham." When he arrived in Hollywood, he was a veteran in seasoning. His first picture, luckily, was Director John Ford's "Up the River." I say luckily because Ford is one of the grander Coast directors, as witness "The Informer."

Schooled in the public grades of Milwaukee, Spencer Tracy passed from grammar school into the Marquette Academy and then into Northwestern Military Academy. Thus equipped, he entered Ripon College where his collegiate career was interrupted by a short hitch in the World War. From the campus at Ripon, he went immediately to New York stock, graduating from stock into Cohan's "Baby Cyclone," which hopped him to the big-time circuit. Overnight, he became a personage at the Lambs' Club; there were newspaper interviews, preferred tables at the Broadway night clubs—New York is an old hand at greeting a new sensation of the stage, and even more expert in snubbing him if he is only a flash in the pan. But Tracy was not an overnight sensation. The Wisconsin youngster definitely had something on the ball, and courage to support talent.

On Broadway, Tracy had been lucky in getting big parts, rôles that showed him off to excellent advantage, for no actor is better than his lines. On the Coast, however, his lucky streak seemed to have deserted him. Whatever they gave him he played well, but he didn't get big parts in big pictures. What he needed was a spectacular opportunity—and then he hit a double-jackpot in "Fury" and "San Francisco." You are familiar with the rest of it—not all of it, however, as you can consider that he has just started. Comparatively, he is just a youngster as dramatic actors are estimated and the forecast of his career might well be borrowed from the racetrack: "Weather Clear, Track Fast."

It is this writer's deliberate belief that Spencer Tracy will surpass the Edward G. Robinsons and the Paul Munis before he closes out the book. Both of these are fine performers but each is handicapped by temperament. Both of these are addicted to over-acting, both are addicted to close-up-itis, a virulent movie plague. Tracy, at 36, has avoided these weaknesses. He is a younger edition of Walter Huston, and I know of no higher praise than that.

Milwaukee, the stronghold of brewers, brewed one of its best concoctions in Spencer Tracy, an Irish-American brew in a German town. It followed that the brew had to have a terrible wallop.

"It's Fun To Be In Love!"

Ann Sothern Considers Romance Very Amusing.

By Dena Reed

IF THE all-American girl is a dash of sugar and spice and everything nice—including the Scandinavian—Ann Sothern is *it*. To give you a rough idea, she reminded me of Garbo one minute—Patsy Kelly the next! What's more I had the courage to tell her so! As soon as I closed my mouth I realized my foot was in it—but then it was too late to do anything as far as I was concerned. I simply sat very quietly and awaited developments.

I have seen actresses in a pretty pet. I can remember when the lunging Lupe did some very adroit manoeuvering. It occurred to me that Ann could hurl the vase of flowers at her elbow and mess up her nice room at the Sherry-Netherlands and send a lady-of-the-press into at least temporary retirement. But, instead, she merely opened her blue-grey eyes very wide, smiled and asked the maid to bring her lipstick and mirror. She then proceeded to repair a cupid's bow that didn't need any repairing, but served to emphasize the funny and enchanting dimple at the tip of it. I've seen a lot of misplaced dimples in my time, if I may say so, but none quite so effective. Yet that was the *very* first time I had come smack up against an air of such cool detachment, (probably a heritage from her Danish mother) which serves very nicely when an interviewer says the wrong thing at the right time!

There were two "new" things about Ann. The first was her hair, back to its natural brown shade. The other was a spanking new RKO contract which, Ann is counting on, will give her plenty of dramatic latitude.

"I'm tired of having to walk through pictures," she told me with deep concern, "where I'm a damsel in distress or an heiress who forever is on the verge of being rescued. I want to do something really important on my own."

That seemed fair enough.

"What's your first picture for Radio to be?" I asked innocently.

"Count Pete," she said and smiled. . . . I guess the adverb called for here is "inscrutably." I smiled back—broadly.

. . . "But," she added, "I don't mind what the story is if I have a real chance to act."

"Can you choose your stories?"

"No-o-o. But," with a smile, "I can kick up a terrible fuss if I don't like a thing!"

"I knew you couldn't be as calm as you seem," I breathed with relief.

She laughed. "I can be absolutely seething inside and yet seem perfectly calm." (That's what I was afraid of). "No one thinks I've any nerves myself—that's why I'm so good for nervous people. It's all the training of my dramatic coach. You know," she said, "Katherine Hepburn and I had the same teacher and we used to pass each other in the ante-room to take our lessons—and now I'm going to be on the same lot with her!"

The dramatic teacher, I thought, hadn't done much of a job calming Katie, but this time, believe it or not, I kept quiet.

Outside of her brooding calm, which is as impenetrable as a fjord and, take my word for it, a thousand times more interesting, she's—as I've said before—the typical all-American girl who goes in for all the things that a normal American girl does. She loves beautiful clothes and jewels and pastries—the latter she has to forego because Nature takes its course and the all-seeing eye of the camera will just as soon pick up a French pastry as leave it alone. What can a girl do? And she just loves to spend money on pretties—which is pretty normal too, once you have the money to spend on them. To prevent herself from getting rid of her salary as fast as she earns it she decided to take out an annuity last year. The insurance company said they'd have a man up to talk with her.

Sure enough next night a small, unobtrusive man showed up and Ann was looking very calm and unscathed, as though she'd just graduated from the Dionne nursery.

The little man whipped out a notebook.

"On such-and-such a date," he informed her like her other self, "you were burned." Before she could recover he reeled off: "On thus-and-so you were knocked unconscious by a ton of water in an artificial rainstorm. At this-and-that time you were grazed by a faulty boom."

"I decided he was a crystal gazer," Ann laughed, "that is until he assured me that all picture people are filed by insurance companies, who remember minor casualties long after the players themselves forget them. Nevertheless," she added, "I'm glad to say he found me a good risk." Ann *is* a good risk—not only to the insurance company, but to her new company too. In fact I'd say she's a surety!

Imagine, if you will, an actress who says she likes work, who doesn't mind posing in evening gowns in January and furs in June—who even likes *interviewers!*

"But what about love? Do you like being in love too?"

"It's fun to be in love," she confided musingly.

But wouldn't you just know when I had a very pointed question poised for my quarry that the telephone would jangle and Cupid would be left dangling in mid-air while the prosaic business (!) of being a star was talked over? I made a mental note to take that little matter up later as Unfinished Business.



She was born in the business—a real trouper.

Ann, or Hariette Lake, as she was born, is no run-of-the-studio find. Hariette, or Ann, is so good she was discovered not once or twice, but three times! First Ivan Kahn, who got her a job at Metro, was a Columbus, in a small way; later Paul Bern doubled him and finally Florenz Ziegfeld, the great glorifier, said "Surprise, surprise!" and there was Ann—again! Ziegfeld wired her to come East for a rôle in "Smiles," starring the late Marilyn Miller. Since Ann already had a movie contract, but no part, she got a release, and followed her triumph in "Smiles" with "America's Sweetheart," "Everybody's Welcome" and "Of Thee I Sing."

About this time Columbia Pictures were looking for a beautiful blonde of Scandinavian descent, so Hariette dyed her hair, took the first syllable of her mother's name—Anette—for a first name and E. H. Sothern's for a last and proceeded to become a star in "Let's Fall in Love" opposite Edmund Lowe.

"It's funny the transitions we make in life," Ann mused. "My mother and father were separated when I was very small and I received a fine musical education from [*Continued on page* 64]

He's the Boss!

[*Continued from page* 29]

in the café, and all the time the assistant director was shouting his instructions.

At one side was Marlene Dietrich, glamorous heroine of this great desert love drama, apparently wholly unconcerned with the babble around her as her maid leisurely adjusted a stray lock of her hair. Charles Boyer, who portrays Boris, the run-away monk, was already in his place on the set and he, too, was oblivious to the noise and confusion as he concentrated on his characterization. Just behind him was Tilly Losch, as the native dancing girl, doing some backward whirls while two wardrobe women noted the hang of her full skirt. Joseph Schildkraut, colorful in his costume of the guide, Batauche, was struggling before a small mirror to balance his crimson beret at the right angle, and the man at the drums, who plays the tom-tom for Tilly's dance, was softly going over his routine. Each person seemed to be in a world of his own; it is amazing how everybody in this business learns to separate themselves from outside influences and *concentrate!*

Through all the excitement of preparation, Boleslawski sat beside me calmly smoking his pipe, but nothing escaped his humorous blue eyes. Everybody calls this six-footer *Boley,* and he loves it. He never gets excited, never raises his voice, never ruthlessly criticizes, but he demands—*and gets* enthusiasm and co-operation from everybody on the set.

He's been an actor, dancer, author, soldier, and during the Bolshevik-Polish War in 1918-1920, served as cameraman. All this trained him to visualize every detail before a scene is made.

Nodding to the swathed figures of the Arabs crowding into the café, Boleslawski said to an assistant, "Keep them far enough apart so that each face will be seen, and look out for the wrist watches, don't let them show!"

Turning to me, he went on, "'The Garden of Allah' is a tremendous love story and we are trying to make it so convincing that the modern generation will forgive the heroine for sending her husband back to the monastery. I sympathize with Marlene and Boyer acting in a foreign language, I know what it means, so I always give them time to find the right mood before starting a scene. Acting is not what is said and done, it is the thought back of it that counts.

"Working in Technicolor we explore an unknown realm each day, but with David Selznick, who is the perfect collaborator, back of me, it has been a thrilling adventure. Often very difficult, but never discouraging.

"Color," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes, "is more wonderful when we don't use it. We are diffusing our colors, with only a few bright spots for contrast and this gives the scenes the quality of a woodcut rather than the brilliance of an oil painting.

"We've had our problems. For instance, we had a terrible struggle photographing Miss Dietrich's hair because for some mysterious reason it took on a greenish hue during the high lighting and we had to stop and experiment, with everybody offering a different idea, until I was frantic over the delays. It was a very trying ordeal for Marlene but she was a grand sport and we finally found a way of licking it by using a counter light.

"We had troubles, too, in the burning desert where we made our exteriors. But we had one grand break. With every available wind machine on hand for the spectacular storm sequence, Nature suddenly stepped in and stirred up a sand storm such as the desert hadn't witnessed in years. It was glorious. A million machines could never have reared that glowering, ominous wall of sand into which Boyer and Marlene rode with their caravan following the wedding. We ruined two cameras and were all blinded, but we secured magnificent shots!"

A moment later and Boleslawski is on the set, giving final instructions to everybody. A few quiet words to his stars, then he raises his hand and the noise quiets down. He explains to the extras that he wants enthusiasm and animation when the dance begins, and to keep it going for a big climax at the finish. He gives the signal and the scene starts. Tilly Losch, lithe and lovely, sweeps across the floor in a swirling, maddening dance, speeded by the tom-tom, its hypnotic repetitions timed with the heart-beat of the dancer, and increasing its tempo as the excitement rises. The Arabs shout their approval; Boris shrinks from Tilly's luring advances; Marlene, across the café, watches his embarrassment with amused and curious interest; the excitement rises to a frenzy. Then, suddenly, it is all over; it was a perfect take! The tension is broken, everybody relaxes and the hub-bub begins again.

Like a lot of children, the Arabs are given permission to go out for a drink of water, while Marlene and Boyer talk over the next scene. In this, Tilly stabs her lover, and Boyer rescues Marlene from the screaming crowd. It is all very exciting.

Having watched Boleslawski and his company at work, I went over to the Universal studio to see John Blystone in action. He's another quiet, *un*-temperamental director; a gentleman, if ever there was one.

He's a screen pioneer, having been signed by Fox Films in 1918 as a director, and he could, but doesn't, boast that his films always click at the box-office. After sixty-eight pictures, he's making his first excursion from his home studio to direct Victor McLaglen in "A Fool For Blondes," and his enthusiasm was high.

This is an abrupt change in stars for he recently directed Jane Withers in "Gentle Julia" and "Little Miss Nobody," and, before that, piloted Will Rogers through some of his most popular films.

"Every new production is a crucial adventure," said Blystone, "for it is a test of one's ability to gather up the varying strands and weave them into a realistic drama that will appeal to a world audience. That is the reason no one could possibly be a director without unbounded enthusiasm and an optimism that no amount of discouragement can destroy. But," he added, "it isn't hard to be enthusiastic working with McLaglen. We have a great story in 'A Fool For Blondes,' just the meaty kind for this virile star and I sincerely believe he will top all his other fine performances in this characterization."

After the crowds and hub-bub of "The Garden of Allah" set, watching a scene in "A Fool For Blondes" was like going to a country Sunday School after attending a Boy Scouts' picnic. The set showed the entrance to a steel mill—Vic is a steel worker, and he and a couple of cronies were making a scene going through the big gates. But there will be crowds and noise later on, for McLaglen loses his boasted hero rating in a fistic round with a prizefighter, then becomes a real hero in a spectacular mill accident. Even though the scene today didn't require much action, Vic's own enormous vitality was giving it a punch and he was getting a lot of fun out of it, clowning every minute he wasn't before the cameras. And what a comedian he is!

I was conscious of unusual teamwork between the entire technical crew and players, and Blystone explained that was because everybody knew exactly what to do.

"I try to keep arguments, delays and all discussions away from the players so as not to distract them, for no one can do their best work in a discordant atmosphere. Actors are sensitive, with flexible emotions, and this makes them a prey to every subtle influence that comes near them."

Blystone makes it a point to become acquainted with every member of his company, crew and players, before a picture starts and so learns how to handle each one. He hates to hurt or embarrass anybody so he always makes his criticisms quietly and never destroys the person's confidence.

Directing Will Rogers stands out as a particularly happy experience, even though it sometimes became a bit difficult.

"Will would never even look at his dialogue so we'd purposely get him into a discussion as to what should be said in such a situation, and it was amazing how, invariably, he had an apt line that fitted in exactly. While he talked we had his comments taken down in short hand, then, later, we would give them to him. Grinning, he'd recognize his own words and deliver them in his own inimitable manner. This was our way, and his way, of getting him to write his own dialogue."

As we walked to his bungalow office, after the day's final scene was finished, Blystone said, "This is a hard, grinding business, sometimes almost heartbreaking. Yet we all, from stars, to technical crew, to extras, love it because every day brings a new thrill!"

HAVE you a sense of humor? Test yourself according to the standards of the Screen's Great . . . Liza reports that the glamour girls do not go in for S. A. any longer—now it is I. C. . . . Thousands of our readers have won autographed photographs, suitably framed, of their favorite stars. Have you? Why not try your luck and write a "You're Telling Me" letter.

Would Clark Gable take your arm when escorting you? Would Gary Cooper? Grace Kingsley has interviewed the famous men and women of Hollywood on the rules of etiquette.

These and many other features will appear in our October issue, on sale September 8th, which will have as its Cover Girl, Joan Crawford. Another of Miss Elizabeth Wilson's "Projections" will give you an intimate appraisal of Joan Crawford.

THE EDITOR

Preferences

OF MRS. WILLIAM I. HOLLINGSWORTH, JR.
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PERFUME, FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIP LURE, COLD CREAM, BRILLIANTINE

Projections—Bette Davis

[*Continued from page 23*]

she compromised as usual with her Puritan ancestry by calling it Betty.

While in high school she played the lead in her class productions of "Seventeen" and "The Charm School" and as a result landed in a stock company in Rochester, New York, where none other than Hollywood's ace director, George Cukor, was directing at the time. Then came "little theatres," and other stock companies, and eventually —Broadway.

But for several years after graduating Bette wasn't at all decided that she wanted to be an actress. First it was a dancer, and then a nurse, and then a missionary—but on the night in Boston when she attended a performance of "The Wild Duck" she definitely made up her mind. Above everything else in the world she wanted most of all to play the rôle of *Hedvig* in the Ibsen play. It was Peg Entwistle who gave the sensitive performance of *Hedvig* that night in Boston which so thrilled Bette and inspired her to become an actress—the ill-fated Peg Entwistle who several years later cut short her own career one night by jumping from the huge sign blazing forth the word HOLLYWOOD, far up in the Hollywood Hills.

Peg Entwistle was too easily discouraged. But, fortunately, there is no way of discouraging Bette Davis. When lack of funds threatened to make it necessary for her mother to take her out of Cushing Academy, Bette waited on tables there and made enough money to pay her tuition. And when her first professional engagement with a stock company at the Cape Cod Playhouse, in Massachusetts, terminated at the end of the first week she went to work in the same theatre as an usher. No, there's no discouraging a girl like that. Almost one year from the night that she wept over *Hedvig* in Boston, Bette Davis was playing the rôle in a New York company of "The Wild Duck" which starred Blanche Yurka. From the first rehearsal of *Hedvig* she knew her destiny was in the theatre.

She appeared in a number of New York plays culminating with a season opposite Richard Bennett in "The Solid South." A talent scout for Universal saw her in that play and signed her for Hollywood and pictures, but Carl Laemmle Sr. took one look at his newest Broadway importation and shook his head. "No sex appeal," said Mr. Laemmle, and you can be quite sure that Miss Davis had a few things to say, none too complimentary about Mr. Laemmle, which put him right in his place with those "dreadful old women." Then Warner Brothers offered her a rôle with George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God" and so enthusiastic was Mr. Arliss about his new leading lady that the Warner Brothers sat up and took notice, and taking notice signed Bette on a long term contract. No one seemed to perceive, except Mr. Laemmle Sr., that she didn't have sex appeal, and after "Of Human Bondage" even Mr. Laemmle agreed that he might have been wrong. Her portrayal of the cockney girl, *Mildred,* in R-K-O's production of "Of Human Bondage" put Bette right up on top in Hollywood and established her definitely as a dramatic actress. The best pictures she has had since then are "Bordertown," "Petrified Forest" and "Dangerous"—she received the Academy Award of 1936 for her performance in the last.

The greatest disappointment she has had in Hollywood was when her studio would not loan her to R-K-O to play the part of *Queen Elizabeth* in "Mary of Scotland." The fact that Katharine Hepburn was the star of the picture didn't bother her in the least—there could be six stars, including Garbo, in the picture for all she cared, she simply wanted to play *Elizabeth* no matter how minor the part. She knew she could make it effective. Unless you want to bring on a "pet" don't mention this to Miss Davis even now.

She would like to play the Helen Mencken rôle in "Congai" some day, and the Miriam Hopkins rôle in "Jezebel," and the Florence Reed rôle of *Madame Goddam* in "Shanghai Gesture"—although she is quite certain that if, by any fluke, this stage play ever reached the screen she would be called Madame Goodness Gracious. In other words our little Bette craves something with guts, and wishes to leave the sweets to the sweet.

Bette has recently realized one of her youthful ambitions and is so pleased by it that she fairly beams. She has made the orchestra! Every year in New York the actors give their Actors' Benefit for a worthy charity, and, of course, on this occasion they all give their services free, no matter whether they are taking part in the play or selling tickets. Every year, but invariably, they would ask Bette to usher, and every year, but invariably, they would stick her up in the second balcony. "They would always give Francine Larrimore, or Jeanne Eagels, or Violet Heming the orchestra," said Bette, "but they always assigned me the second balcony—and I couldn't see any of the celebrities from up there." Well, this year the Actors' Benefit was held in Hollywood and Bette Davis was asked to drag *Mildred* out of the archives and do several scenes from "Of Human Bondage." But Bette wisely refused. "I'd rather usher," she said sort of wistfully. And what do you think! They gave her the orchestra! Now Bette knows she is a success.

Yes, that second balcony and Bette got very used to seeing each other around in the old days when Bette was giving her all to Broadway, but Broadway wasn't very interested. She had very little money then, so when she was "between plays," as she very often was, she would climb to the second balcony on Wednesday and Saturday matinees and for fifty-five cents she would live for two hours in a dream world of her own.

"I always insist that Hollywood hasn't changed me—but it has changed me a little," Bette admitted to me. "I used to be quite happy in the second balcony and could hear perfectly. But now when I go to New York, the cinema star from Hollywood, I insist upon sitting in the first two rows of the orchestra, and if I can't get in one of those rows I make a terrible scene. I pretend that I can't hear any other place in the theatre, which is an awful lie, of course. And the subway—I wouldn't think of going near that crowded place now—I, who spent half of my life on it. Oh, no, now that I'm a movie star I have to ride in taxies."

Well, we can hardly say that Bette has "gone Hollywood" simply because she ritzes the second balcony and the subway. Who wouldn't, given half a chance? She has more respect for the New York theatre than any of them, and is the only celebrity from Hollywood I have ever seen who consistently arrives at a theatre ten minutes before the curtain goes up. She goes to New York twice a year if possible to see plays—she always plans to go to Honolulu, but somehow or other when the vacation actually arrives she finds herself in New York. The thing that amused her most during her last trip there, which was in April, was when a taxi driver turned around in the midst of the Fifth Avenue traffic and said, "You don't look so mean, Miss Davis."

I regret to say that Hollywood's number one dramatic actress is given to practical jokes. She has never had one played on her, she doesn't think she'd like that much, but she adores playing them on other people. "Ham" is most often the victim, and



Wide World

Attending the Actors' Fund Benefit in Hollywood: In front, Norma Shearer, Irving Thalberg, Doug Fairbanks and his wife (the former Lady Ashley), Constance Bennett, and just behind her, Gilbert Roland. In the background are Margaret Sullavan and Walter Huston. See if you can pick them out.

her favorite joke was the time she planted her girl friend in his bedroom and pretended to be very angry when she found them together. That was months ago but the very thought of it still sends her into screams of joy.

I've never seen anyone get more laughter out of a practical joke than Bette. One night she was invited to a party where she knew a famous columnist would be one of the guests. So our Bess fixes up a pillow inside of her dress and gets herself introduced to the expert on "blessed events." When she thinks of his face as he noticed her "condition" she rolls on the floor in hysterics. She's simply crazy about calling her friends up over the 'phone and giving them amazing bits of information in a Cockney, Irish, Chinese or Southern dialect —and she's so good at it that they never suspect her until she begins to laugh. You just can't mistake Bette's laugh. It's very startling, very loud, and so thorough that it turns her neck and face a crimson red.

She doesn't enjoy games unless she wins. A lot of us are like that except that we put up a pretense, but not Bette. "I'll play Monopoly with you," Bette will say, "but if I don't win I'll be awfully mad." She plays a good game of bridge *if* she has the cards, but if she has a run of bad luck she immediately loses interest and begins to pout, or just throws down her hand and won't play at all. After a certain little episode of a year ago "Ham" has definitely refused to play bridge with her any more.

Next to his music "Ham" loves golf so Bette has recently decided to take up golf so she can be with her husband more—'tis only a rumor but they do say that the divot situation at the club is something awful. Bette regrets being a poor sport, she wishes she wasn't, but there just seems to be nothing she can do about it. But you have to admire her for being honest about it.

Another thing she is honest about, and she wishes she wasn't, is meeting people. If she doesn't like you she simply can't disguise her feelings. She'll be coolly polite and then she will freeze. You always know exactly where you stand with Bette Davis. None of this "darling" stuff as she sticks a knife in your back.

In Hollywood Bette lives, not as a movie star with a four-figure salary, but as Mrs. Harmon O. Nelson, wife of a composer and orchestra leader. The Nelsons have a small home "on the wrong side of the tracks"



Alice Faye gives us an eyeful of the "body beautiful" before going into her dive. She has been so good in her last few pictures that you will be seeing more and more of her in the future. Her next is "Sing Baby Sing," in which she plays opposite Adolphe Menjou and Michael Whalen.

with a white picket fence around it and a border of rose bushes leading up to the door. There is room for only one car in the small garage so "Ham's" car usually sits in the driveway. There is no swimming pool, no tennis court, no ping pong table. The tourists don't believe their eyes. Outside of the Nelsons, Cedric Woggs, M.P., and Tabitha (a sealyham and a scottie) live in the little house with the picket fence.

Bette did what a lot of us intended to do, but never did—she married her first sweetheart. When she was fifteen and a student in the Newton High School, she and a long, gangling youth, whom she nicknamed "Ham" (and he called her "Spuds" because she ate so many potatoes) used to walk home from school together every day, and while he dangled her books Bette would tell him her theories on life. "Ham" didn't talk much then, and talks even less now, and was the ideal mate for Bette from the very start. When Bette came to Hollywood it was understood that they would have a long distance engagement and that just as soon as he made enough money they would get married.

"Ham" got himself a good orchestra job and came immediately to Hollywood to take Bette back East with him, but when he arrived he found that his "Spuds" had become very important, that she was a success, and, far worse, that she was a movie star. "Ham" quietly packed his bags and was on his way back to New York when Bette demanded a showdown.

"It was my impression," she remarked one day quite apropos of nothing, "that it was agreed that we would get married as soon as you got a job. Well, you've got a job, haven't you?" The next day they were married in Yuma, Arizona, Hollywood's Gretna Green. After a year in a San Francisco night club, Ham now sings and plays his compositions nightly in Hollywood's famous Cinegrill. Bette very rarely goes there. "The girls like it better if I don't pop in," she says.

While "Ham" was singing in San Francisco he lived in an auto camp to be near the night club, which was on the outskirts of the city, and here, every week-end, Miss Bette Davis of Hollywood arrived, swept the rugs, mopped the floor and did a complete job of tidying up. (That's another of Bette's faults, by the way, she can sniff a speck of dirt a mile away.) The tourists, here today and gone tomorrow, never suspected the identity of that quiet Mr. Nelson's wife and Bette had the time of her life being the efficient housewife. When her career is over she and "Ham" expect to travel all over the world on a tramp steamer and live in auto camps. But I wouldn't be too sure—remember how she turned on the second balcony and the subway.

"It's Fun To Be In Love!"

[*Continued from page* 59]

my mother, who was a concert singer, and with whom I travelled all over the Middle West. Mother naturally supposed I would be a musician, especially when I won first prize for three successive years for the best original piano composition." She became a dancing girl when she visited her mother, who was in Hollywood teaching players how to talk before the mike—and subsequently was three times discovered!

She's had an interesting young life playing in shows around the country, growing up in the business and loving it as much during those first lean years, when a dollar had to stretch from Kansas City to Denver, as today when a silver fox cape is just a little throw-around.

"I'll never forget the old days," Ann said, her voice animated in recollection. "I was with a travelling show that used to pay off in cash. It was something of a worry for us girls toting our great big salary on sleeper jumps. We used to sit up half the night thinking up new places to bunk it.

"One night I said to myself, 'I'll sleep on it like a wedding cake—maybe I'll dream of my good fortune. Next morning I awakened just before we got to our stop and I had to rush dressing. And then, when I was all dressed and we were pulling in I thought of my money—but I just couldn't remember in the excitement where I had put it. I cried 'I've been robbed!' They kept the train at the station and the plain-clothes men came in and turned the car upside-down. Then one of the detectives said disgustedly, 'Maybe you just dreamed you had that money!'

"That made me think of the dream I'd had. I'd been a famous star with a huge car and my name in lights, and the applause that was still ringing in my ears when I awoke proved to be the train's bell. I suddenly recalled about sleeping on my money like the wedding cake—and there it was, right where I had put it, my whole enormous salary!"

R-K-O is preparing to make her a "famous star" with all that goes with it. And she won't have to be discovered again—she's arrived. But she didn't look any more than a child in her demure black dress, with violets at her throat, and a certain languid innocence that passes for any adjective you have handy. Ann may be done over, all the way from John Ford to Lubitsch, from a blonde beauty to a dusky darling, from Garbo to Kelly, which is beside the point. The thing that's really important is that Ann—whichever way you like her—is with us to stay. To paraphrase Hollywood, she'll be "just the type!"

Carole Lombard's beauty bath

protects daintiness— leaves skin *sweet*



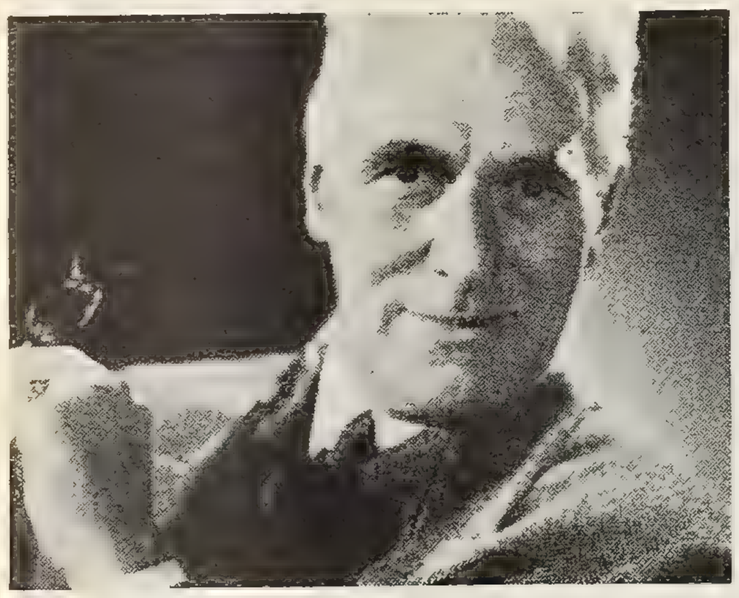
CAROLE LOMBARD
Famous Paramount Star

A LOVELY screen star—a famous and beautiful woman—Carole Lombard tells you a simple beauty secret you'll find easy and delightful to follow.

You'll be amazed at the way a luxurious Lux Toilet Soap bath peps you up. The ACTIVE lather of this fine soap sinks deep into the pores, carries away stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt, leaves skin *really* clean—smooth—delicately fragrant.

"A *swell* way to protect daintiness!" popular girls say. Why don't *you* use this fine complexion soap for your daily beauty bath, too? It's the soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use to keep skin flawless.

Let's see what the doctor says about laxatives



AS SYMPATHETIC as your doctor is with his patients, he is strictly a scientist in his attitude towards health. He has, for instance, certain definite standards which he demands of a laxative before giving it his approval. These requirements are listed below. Read them carefully for your own good.

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A GOOD LAXATIVE

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS THIS TEST AT EVERY POINT

Next time you need a laxative remember this: Ex-Lax fulfills the doctor's requirements at *every* point. Doctors everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own families. Mothers have given it to their children with perfect trust for over 30 years. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, it has steadily risen in public confidence. Today more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative in the world.

PROVE THE DOCTOR'S POINTS YOURSELF

Try Ex-Lax. See how mild and gentle it is—how thorough. Find out for yourself how easy it works. No upset stomach. No pain. No nausea. Ex-Lax is intended only to help Nature—and to do it without shock or violence.

If you have been taking nasty, druggy-tasting laxatives, you'll be delighted to find how pleasant Ex-Lax is. For Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children *enjoy* taking it. And it is just as good for them as for adults.

At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. S 96, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Friends of the Stars

[*Continued from page* 55]

by actually giving John his name. In college the two boys talked over their dreams of becoming actors. In those days John was using his legal name of J. Alexander Bliedung. When his friend finally decided against a career, he suggested that John take his name and enhance it with his own talent. So John took his friend's name and became famous. And the friend became John's secretary.

Today John is married to Helen Craig, an actress, and is now in Hollywood. His friend came out with them and is indispensable to their careers. When John has an early call, his friend accompanies his wife, if she must go out for the evening. At heart John is really a sentimentalist and one who likes to remember all occasions. But he gets so wrapped up in his work, things sometime slip his mind. His friend keeps a record of all dates. He knows exactly what John would want him to do, so he goes ahead and does it. Ofttimes when people thank John for flowers or telegrams, it is the first he has heard of it.

Recently John's friend came on the set to watch him do a scene for "M'liss." As he stood there watching, he noticed that John changed his tempo from the longshot to the closeup. He called it to John's attention that night at home. John was not aware of it, but the next day he watched for the scene in the projection room. Immediately he saw that his friend was right and asked permission to do the scene again. Often John will bring home still pictures and offer them up for criticism. His friend will pick out the ones he likes. Even though John gets upset because he hasn't picked a favorite—the friend still sticks to his choice.

The friendship of Francis Lederer and his manager can be traced back to early days in Prague. Francis came from a poor family and struggled through many hardships as a boy. His manager's family lived closeby and were in much happier circumstances. The two boys grew up together. Eventually Francis came to America, after achieving a great success in London. In New York he met his manager (who wasn't his manager then). They hadn't seen each other for years, so the friendship was resumed. When Francis came to Hollywood, his friend (now his manager) came along.

Because he is charming and friendly, Francis is an easy mark for conniving persons. It isn't in his make-up to suspicion everyone who approaches him. He has great faith in humanity in general. Fortunately for Francis, his manager doesn't share his enthusiasm. People selling antiques, first editions and rare paintings, approach Francis daily. Letters requesting help, people asking for donations, pour in by the hundreds. Francis is a charitable person, but it would be impossible to take care of them all.

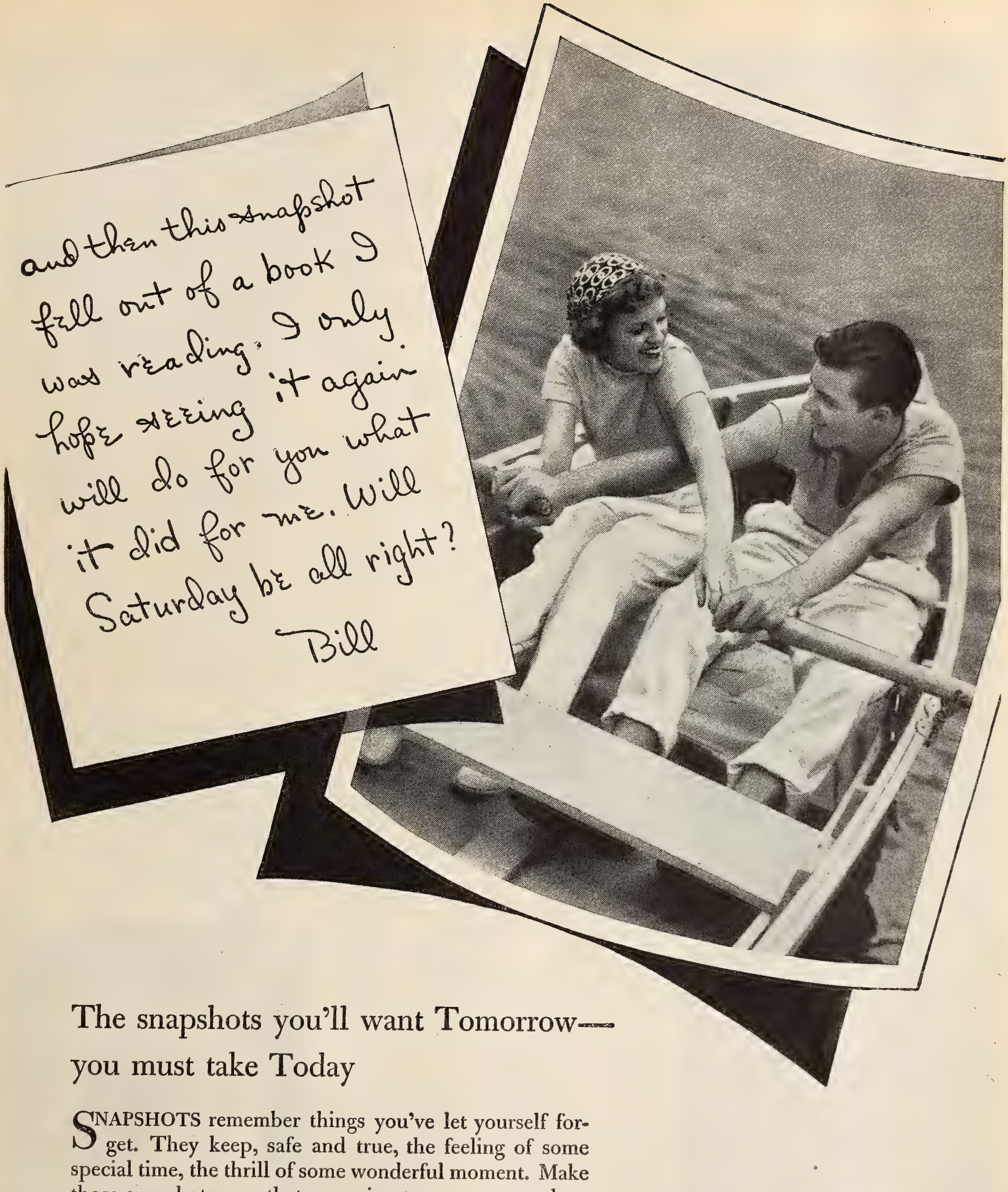


Frank Morgan finds a willing listener in Shirley Temple in this scene from "The Bowery Princess." But just wait until Shirley has a few more birthdays. Then she'll do all the talking necessary!

When he is working he is so intense, he sometimes goes without his meals. He doesn't realize it until he almost drops from exhaustion. His manager sometimes resorts to little white lies, as an inducement to get Francis to eat. He will bring him an imaginary doctor's warning or report that it's beginning to show in his photographs. Regardless of where Francis may work, he always takes his friend and manager along. Francis can only be at his best when he is surrounded by those who have proven themselves to him. Because he invites and appreciates the friendliest of feelings, he even insists that his colored valet call him by his first name.

The childhood life of Dawn O'Day was a struggle to get somewhere and support herself and mother. As Anne Shirley, fame has at last beckoned. Today, Anne has a beautiful little house of her own and, along with her mother, her dearest friend shares it with her. Anne was never blessed with a sister and, always having to work, she had little time for children's play. Naturally she grew up quite serious for her years. After signing her R-K-O contract, Anne celebrated by going to a party given by the Hollywood younger set. There she met a girl, just her own age.

This girl (who is a cousin of a famous star) came to Hollywood to make her way



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Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box.



in pictures. Because she wanted to be independent and on her own, she asked if Anne would allow her to come and board with them. Anne was delighted and her mother became responsible for two daughters. Anne's friend is playing small parts and hopes to have a career as fine as Anne's some day. In the meantime she is proud of Anne and does everything to further her in her ambitions. Because Anne is quiet and serious, her friend always tries to appear cheerful and gay. At nights she listens while Anne reads her lines. The two girls often trade clothes and go out on double dates. It might be supposed that jealousy would enter into a situation such as this. But her friend is only proud of Anne's success. Ann, in turn, knows her friend will soon have her day, too.

Robert Taylor struck up an acquaintanceship with a young chap, one day, in a voice coach's office. The two boys were in Hollywood for the same purpose, so their friendship started off on a mutual basis. Thinking it might help their problem and cut down expenses, they took a small place together. But fate and the great God Public stepped in. Bob Taylor became a star. His friend didn't enjoy such good luck. Bob did what he could to help. His friend became his stand-in. Since Bob has moved into his new home the boys are living in separate quarters. But their friendship is still going on.

The minute he finishes a scene, Bob calls his friend to the side and asks him how it looks. Every day they eat lunch together in the studio commissary. At times Taylor is talkative and likes to have company. When he does, he always calls on his friend. Other times Taylor likes to be alone. His friend has the uncanny knack of disappearing at the right time. Because there are so many demands on Bob's time and services, it is impossible for him to take care of all the things he has to do. His friend generally sees to it that Bob's car gets to the garage, when it is time for an oil and grease job. When Bob has stories to read or photographs to do, his friend helps him manage to find time for them all.

With the world at his feet, it is imperative that Robert Taylor have someone who has already proven he likes him for himself—and not for what has suddenly happened to him. In return Taylor tries to show his appreciation.

It does not take long to learn that even stardom sometimes comes easier than finding a tried and true friend in Hollywood.

Love Between Rounds

[*Continued from page* 26]

BROADWAY STAR . . . ROMANCE STARTS . . . MABEL O'DARE AND LARRY CAIN SUCCUMB TO CUPID'S DART . . .

That same afternoon Larry got two offers of big box-office fights and a contract from Lovies. Lovies, as Dodo explained to him, are breath killers. "If you been eating onions, all you gotta do is pop one of 'em in your clapper and you blow out like a violet."

That same night business had so picked up at Jake Sherman's show that the ushers began to feel crowded.

Larry Cain blamed it all onto the dumb cluck. Of course she was mad for publicity. She'd do anything to get her picture in the papers. He raged and threw things and wished he could meet her just once more in order to really bawl her out.

Mabel was in a fury. It was all the fault of that ham-and-egg fighter. Publicity mad, of course! Anything for a headline! God help him if she ever got near him again!

Jake reasoned and pleaded with her. She had to go on with it, the show depended on it. Well, if she didn't care about the show, how about her own job? Well then, how about himself! He'd been a good friend to her, hadn't he? He didn't want to go through bankruptcy again, did he? She didn't want to see him back selling cloaks and suits, a poor, busted old man, did she? Well then, why couldn't she play the game? She could hate Larry all she liked, if only she'd love him in the newspapers!

Larry sweated and fumed and broke furniture, but old Pop talked to him much as Jake talked to Mabel. Larry thought it over. Oh well, if it would save Pop and Dodo from starvation, somehow he could manage to be seen with the girl in public, but it made him gag to think about it.

CAIN IN BOX EVERY NIGHT TO SEE MABEL

CHAMP TAKES LEASE ON SEAT FOR RUN OF SHOW

Broadway and Sporting World Groggy over Nation's Sweetest Romance

Mabel was packing 'em in at Jake Sherman's theater. Larry between fights and his radio broadcast for Lovies had brought back prosperity to Pop and Dodo. All the world loves a lover and all the world was saying it with coin. Out of sight of their dear public they were as happy together as a vegetarian at a barbecue.

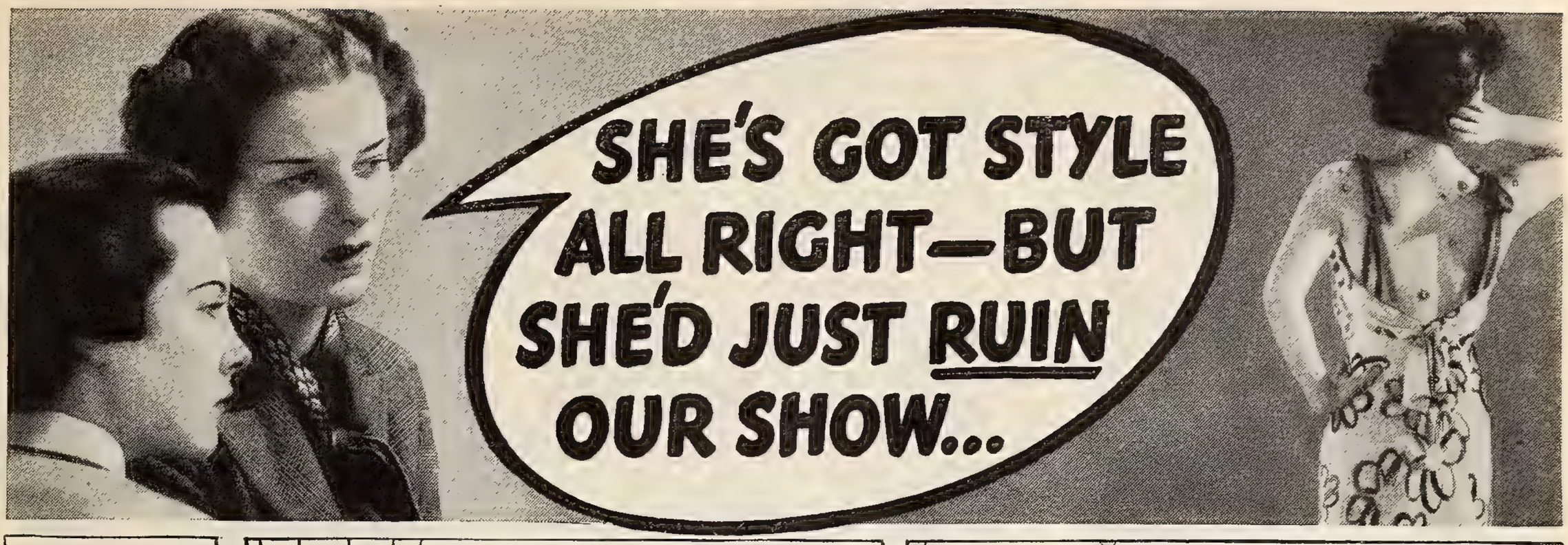
Then came a night when Mabel had to stop at her apartment before going on with Larry to a night club. Both had fought so long they were a little punch drunk.

Larry wrinkled his mournful brow at her. "Night clubs," he groaned. "Boy, I'd like to eat just one meal where people hadn't counted the peas on my fork before I got 'em into my mouth!"

"Me too," Mabel sighed. "Maybe I can fix you something."



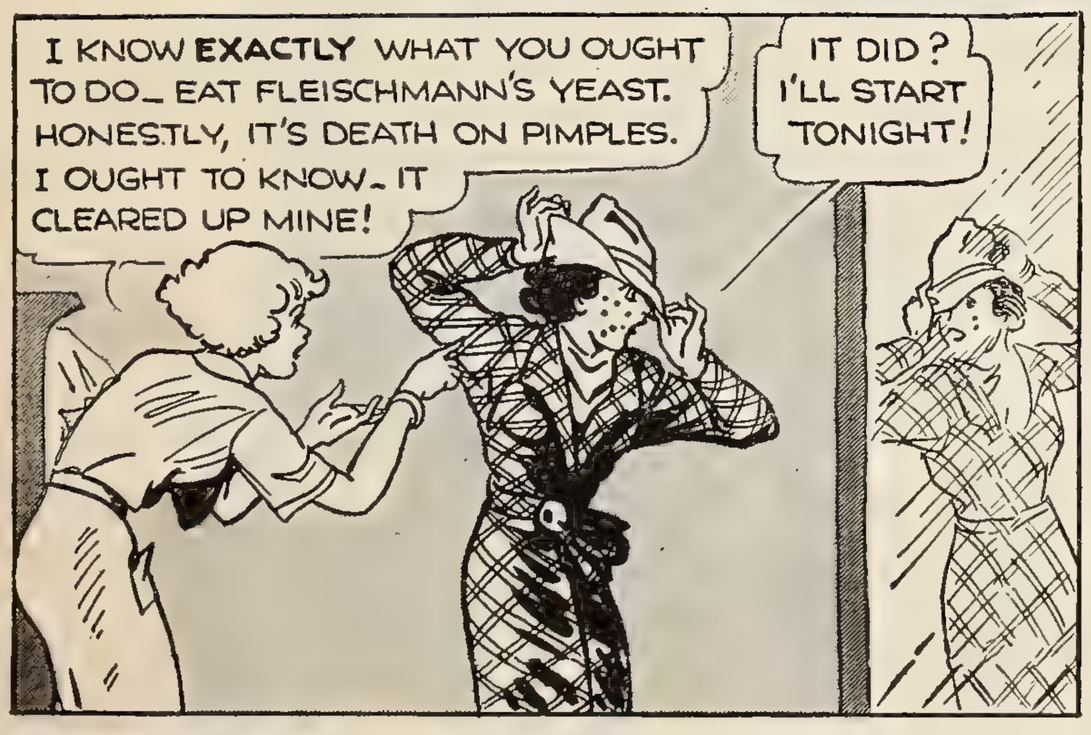
Between classes in "Girls' Dormitory," her first American picture, Simone Simon relaxes beside this lavish successor to the old swimmin' hole.



READ HOW KAY'S PIMPLES NEARLY KEPT HER OUT OF THE FASHION SHOW













—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU from being admired

UNSIGHTLY skin blemishes are a big trial to many young people during the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

Important glands develop at this time, and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur throughout the entire system. The skin, especially, gets very sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, and it breaks out in pimples.

But even severe cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples disappear.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly* each day, before meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.



International

Fred MacMurray and his bride, the former Lillian Lamont. Lillian is a fashion model and extremely easy to look upon, which makes this elopement a bitter dose for the MacMurray fanlets to take.



"Sweet lips!" What makes men say those words, so thrilling to any girl?

Men admire warm color. Even more, they respond to *smooth, soft* lips.

So remember that your lipstick should keep your lips silken-soft, as well as add ardent color. It will, if you wisely select the new Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick.

This new Lipstick contains "Essence of Theobrom"—*a special softening ingredient.*

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

Put on a tiny bit of Coty Lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how *soft* your lips feel, how *soft* they look.

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c.



"I can imagine what your cooking would be like."

"Listen, Sourpuss. There's nothing wrong with my cooking. And I don't do it with a can opener, either. What'll you have?"

Larry would have corn beef hash, raw onions in vinegar, a slab of apple pie and a cup of coffee. "Review of reviews," Mabel repeated. "Gardenias in a pucker, an Eve wedge and rob the mouse trap. Okay."

And so, wafted on an onion zephyr, love tiptoed into the lives of a dancer and a pug. Love! The very thing all the papers had been accusing them of for weeks!

All Mabel wished for in life was to get out of show business, marry a nice man and raise some kids. All Larry wanted was Mabel and a string of crackerjack service stations. Two souls held the single thought; two hearts beat as one . . . and Reilly opened the front door of the flat quietly, discovering the lovers embraced.

Reilly eavesdropped on their plans. Larry was going to quit after his next fight a few days off; Mabel was going to walk out on the show. Marriage, garages, kids! And what happened to Jake Sherman and Pop and Dodo . . . yes—and Reilly!

A press agent isn't human. Maybe in some states a press agent can vote or even sit on a jury, but there's nothing but printer's ink in his veins. He has no more use for real love than the income tax collector.

Reilly hustled around to warn all parties who depended on the box-office success of Cain and Mabel. Then he cooked up another bright idea. What did both hate worst of all? Publicity! All right, the papers would carry the story of the proposed elopement. Mabel would flare up and blame Larry for tipping it off; Larry would grind his teeth and blame Mabel. Then they wouldn't get married and everything would be fine—except for Larry and Mabel.

Larry saw the story in the papers and it worked on him as Reilly figured it. In a fury he started off to Philadelphia to train for his last fight. Mabel read the story, listened to Aunt Mimi's suggestion and blamed Larry. She went out and got engaged to Ronny Cauldwell.

Not for anything would Mabel show the world how hurt she was. Larry was just a cheap pug who had dirtied up the one real, beautiful thing in her life. Lied to her about love and kids and service stations, just to grab off a couple of columns more. All right, she could take it in silence!

It was Aunt Mimi who saw that the girl's heart was broken. Aunt Mimi had a heart of her own and a lively memory of what a good girl Mabel had been to her all this time. Just before Mabel's big entrance she broke down and told the girl the truth.

The stage was waiting for Mabel, the orchestra vamping her cue. Reilly and Sherman rushed up. "Hey, you go on!"

"Oh no I don't," said Mabel.

"She knows about that piece in the paper," Aunt Mimi explained.

"Don't argue now," Jake panted. "Afterward . . . afterward!"

"This is afterwards," said Mabel. "It's all over. I'm through with you, the show and the whole phoney business!"

"Mabel!" Jake was frantic. "You can't do this. Ain't you got a heart? Forget us. What about the people out front? Be a trouper. The show must go on!"

"Why?" said Mabel and they couldn't answer. Mabel could answer though—and did.

"It doesn't have to go on. And it never did. And it never will. The only thing that has got to go on is people—and you were willing to let Larry and me go on being miserable to satisfy your phoney egos and cheap greed. Well, we aren't going on being miserable and your show may go on, but it'll do it without me. Because I've time to fly to Philadelphia before the fight ends and that's what I'm going to do!"

In Philadelphia Larry Cain was fighting as he never had before. Reed was taking an awful licking. Larry's victory was but a few rounds off.

Down the aisle of the crowded arena Mabel raced, towing Reilly behind her. She rushed to the ropes and waved to Larry.

"He did it, Larry. He did it. Honest!" Her finger pointed to the guilty man.

"What?" gasped Larry and battled his man closer to hear what she said.

"I just found out where that story came from. It was Reilly!"

Larry ducked Reed's swing mechanically. "Honest?"

Reilly nodded.

A happy grin eclipsed Larry's face. "I knew it was something like that," he said. And that was the last thing he said for quite a while. Larry's eyes, shining with happiness, were on Mabel's face when Reed whipped over a vicious right and put him to sleep. They counted Larry out and the big fight was over.

But even in defeat there was happiness for them both. And some good luck, too. Mabel had been so mad at Larry she bet all her savings against him and cleaned up enough cold cash to start Larry in a service station and herself in a bungalow that had room for a nursery.



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Some Wait For Fame And Some Wait On Tables

[*Continued from page 35*]

should eat raw vegetable salads, boiled chicken, boiled vegetables, even boiled potatoes. You might eat a saddle of lamb once a week or a steak, but keep your meat intake light.

Everywhere you go in Hollywood now, they have a non-fattening mineral oil dressing, and very good it is for anybody who wants to retain the girlish figure. Who do you suppose figured that out? Louella Parsons, the famous movie columnist. She used to bring me the oil in a bottle to the Derby, and then I would mix a dressing for her especially. Other people saw her having it and began to ask for it, and so we named it the Louella Parsons non-fattening salad dressing, and if you'd like to use it on your own salads, here's the way you mix it: Lemon, mineral oil, a dash of Worcestershire, salt and pepper, and a little dry English mustard. You can put in a little catsup, if you wish.

Men stars, on the whole, eat more substantially than the women. I suppose this is because they don't have to—or at any rate most of them won't—worry about their figures.

Irvin Cobb likes stews, almost any kind, and is very fond of Irish bacon. Will Rogers was never fussy about his food. He always liked what he called a Henry King cocktail, half tomato juice and half clam juice, and then he would take anything else on the menu I recommended.

Warner Baxter likes chili, and how he can cook it himself! John Boles likes roast beef and our chef's salad of lettuce, tomato, lobster, shrimp, and chopped egg. Eddie Cantor likes corn beef and cabbage and Freddie March is very fond of pigs knuckles.

Norma Shearer eats out rarely, but on her return from Europe with Irving Thalberg, the two of them ate their first meal with me at the Beverly Brown Derby. I thought to myself, "They've been away from home and eating very rich food. I will suggest something simple." So I suggested steaks, baked potatoes, and a green salad, and they said that was fine, and what is more, ate everything set before them.

I remember the famous day when Miss Marlene Dietrich appeared at the Derby wearing a gray man's suit. I was very surprised, in fact, completely knocked off my feet, but a good headwaiter never shows what he feels so I just bowed and said, "Come right in, Miss Dietrich." I gave her the very first table, one that I had always reserved for David Burton, the director. When he came in, I said, "You will excuse me, Mr. Burton, I've given your table to someone else. See—I thought it was you!"

We used to enforce a "you-can't-come-in-without-your-coat" rule at the Derby. I kept two or three coats around for men who came in in their shirt sleeves, that is, men I knew. Anybody else, I would just say, "I am sorry, we do not serve gentlemen who are not dressed."

Once Al Jolson and Harry Cohn came in, both in their shirt sleeves, and when I tried to offer them coats, they got very mad and walked out. On the other hand, Lyle Talbot almost walked out IN the coat I loaned him. He said he wanted to keep it as a souvenir. Wally Beery used to come in, coat on his arm, see me, and like a naughty small boy about to be reprimanded, say, "All right, all right, Nick, I'll put it on!"

In a job like mine, you have to be a master diplomat. In Hollywood, people want to be placed, not where they can see, but where they can be seen. They not only want to be seen but to see each other and to be able to holler back and forth to one another. I've always prided myself in putting my people where they belong. When I was head waiter at the Brown Derby, I was adamant in placing stars on one side of the room and executives on the other, and agents away from both groups!

The saddest I have felt was the day Mary Pickford confided to Louella Parsons, over the luncheon table at the Derby, that she was going to divorce Douglas Fairbanks. Miss Pickford was in tears and so was Miss Parsons. As I realized what was going on, I let no one wait on them but myself. What did they eat? Salads, if I remember rightly, Miss Pickford had a sour cream and cottage cheese salad with Miss Parsons' special mineral oil dressing, and Miss Parsons had a cold slaw salad. I wouldn't say these were the right things either for the two woe begone women they were!

The late Lilyan Tashman was one of the most particular guests, yet Miss Tashman was one of our best customers. She and Eddie Lowe loved caviar and thought nothing of sitting down and eating $25 worth before starting out on their real meal.

Gary Cooper has a passion for lobster. He once ate four at a sitting. Douglas Fairbanks' favorite dish is little pancakes and sausages.

Are the tips good in Hollywood? About five years ago when I just went to the Derby I used to average four or five hundred dollars in tips every month, but I don't think any Hollywood headwaiter has seen that much in a long time. I guess maybe people could again afford to tip generously, but it is the spirit of the times to give less. Some people don't tip at all. Some always do. Douglas Fairbanks used to give me $10 every now and then, and Tom Mix always $5.

One day five years ago, I found a one hundred dollar bill in my back pocket. I knew it was a tip, but I knew it was far too much. Somebody had made a mistake. I thought carefully. I remembered all the people who had given me money that day. You see, I never looked at the bills as they were handed to me. I just put them in my pocket. There were two twos, two fives, one ten, and then this $100 tucked away in the pocket this day. I had a sudden hunch. Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean, the famous Washington newspaper publisher who recently wrote "Father Struck It Rich," had been a guest, and it was highly possible



Arthur Hornblow, producer, got Myrna Loy to say "I do," a few weeks ago. And now the screen's "perfect wife" has become a bride in real earnest.

she had been the unwitting donor of the large sum. So the late Wilson Mizner, who was one of my bosses, called her up.

"Did you lose $100 today?" he asked. She said, "Yes." He said, "Nick at the Derby has it for you."

She was a very rich lady. When I gave it back to her, she said, "No, we will split. I must say you are the most honest restaurant man I have ever seen. You take $50."

Two nights later, she came in again and tipped me the other $50, to my great astonishment!

Many sad and many important things have happened in my restaurant booths. We cannot help but know about them because we cannot help but hear conversations. Naturally, discreetness is our watchword, and I have forgotten more things than I remember.

Playing After Sundown

[*Continued from page* 21]

On these nights there are games sponsored by various commercial companies. So I run into Mr. Raft cheering for the so-and-so bakers. To be ornery, I huzzah for someone's hardware hounds.

Mae West continues to appreciate the fights. She's as impassive a spectator as Lupe Velez is vociferous. It's a tie as to which is bedecked with the most diamond bracelets. Their ornaments slay the ringsiders.

The Hollywood Bowl is the mecca for every admirer of fine music. The symphonies under the stars-of-nature have become a renowned institution. The concerts begin at 8:15 and you can relax there in the dark, holding your weakness's hand. That's what Nelson Eddy does—but I'll be shot at sunrise if I betray who his pretty whosis is! Nelse would rather climb away up to the top rows with the common people. But everyone recognizes him and to have any peace he has to head for the stellar boxes.

We have our bridge bugs in Hollywood, too. Among the foremost are Norma Shearer, the Bob Montgomerys, and Merle Oberon and David Niven. I've never seen Norma's dander rise. But I've a hunch that's because I've taken the trouble to recollect what suit's been led. Famous last phrase at the Thalberg manse would be: "What's trumps?" After the final rubber, Norma has the refreshments ushered in. But to add that ultra touch she has James push the button that prestos a screen. As you nibble your chocolate ice cream and chocolate layer cake you gaze at the newest epic M-G-M has run up.

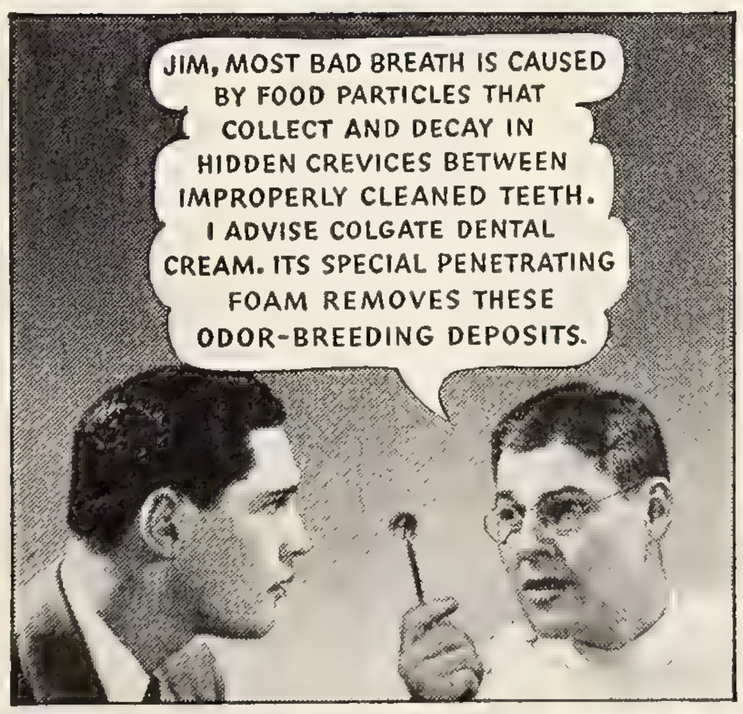
Trail around with me a speck longer and you'll get more suggestions for improving your own evenings. If they can do it, why can't I? Paula Stone, who's captured the title of leading hostess of the younger set, did it with her originality. Never give them what they anticipate is her canny motto. Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell, Anita Louise, Olivia de Havilland and Johnny Downs are among her constant current guests. Her latest is to put them all to roasting popcorn like mad in her backyard. She's prepared a special roasting doodad and everyone rates a personal pan. When the corn is a fluffy temptation she tells you not to spare the melted butter.

If you can hie to a nearby beach there's nothing like a wienie bake, accompanied by ukulele strumming and—until you turn sentimental—gosh-awful ghost tales. Mary Carlisle can make your waves stand on end with her collection of witches' experiences. Not that Mary's ever had any truck with a genuine witch. She's merely listened to master saga-spinners and memorized their jewels.











Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with romance—with success? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

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Eye Make-up by
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Rose Saphire

Rose Saphire, New York's famous hat stylist, designs this gorgeous Roman-striped velvet turban—perfect with furs, and proper from noon till midnight. Here is a fashion hint from Mme. Saphire: "Turbans are famous for flattery to the eyes—and your eyes are your most important beauty feature. Therefore, since beauty orders 'Eyes to the front', your eye make-up must naturally be selected with utmost care. Women of discrimination choose Maybelline as the finest which money can buy."



Maybelline Cream Mascara, complete in smart zipper bag—separate pocket for brush. Black, Brown and Blue—75c.



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Maybelline Eye Shadow. Smooth, Creamy, in Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green and Violet.



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, smooth marking. Black, Brown and Blue.

MODERN *Eye Make-up* IS AS NECESSARY FOR *Beauty* AS THE SMARTEST *Hat*

And really, how *many* smart and lovely women know this by heart! They study their eyes in the mirror, they discuss make-up with friends. And more than 10,000,000 modern, fastidious women now prefer the simple, instantly satisfying Maybelline way to lovelier, darker lashes! Let your eyes express the particular beauty that is YOU—with eye make-up in *good taste*! A few deft strokes of Maybelline and your lashes instantly appear twice as long and twice as luxuriant. You'll discover an entirely new beauty about your eyes, which adds thrillingly to the whole expression of the face.

There is no mascara more water-proof than either the famous Maybelline Solid form Mascara or the marvelous new Maybelline Cream form Mascara (which is breaking all sales records for new-found popularity.) Both are perfectly harmless and approved by highest authorities. Neither is beady, waxy or gummy on the lashes. The new Cream form, complete with case and brush, and the Solid form in the metal vanity, may each be obtained for only 75c at your favorite toilet goods counter. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are on sale at leading 10c stores. Today—try this easy, certain way to lovelier, more enchanting beauty!

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Tested and Approved 4647 Good Housekeeping Bureau

Miss Shirley Temple's new abode in Brentwood lacks the evening arrangements you find in the exclusive cottages of other stars. It seems that, successful as she is, Miss Temple receives only a bedtime yarn and then she's shuffled off to sleep. At eight o'clock! How can a girl get in any deviltry with a schedule like that?

When you come right down to sheer ritziness, the nicest of all summer night divertissements is inviting your friends in to your own home. (Sorry to be so emphatic, Bob Taylor—you'll come to this eventually, too!) Dinner is served in the patio at the Jeanette MacDonald, William Powell, and Irene Dunne residences. Pat O'Brien has all meals in his beautiful protected courtyard. The playrooms of the wealthier lads and lassies open into gardens carpeted with lush green lawn and ever-blooming flowers. Bill Powell has everything but a kitchen sink in his hey-hey headquarters. When you tire of pool, ping-pong, cards, and the slot machine, you can dance. Or perhaps you'd rather look at a picture? Horace, a talkie!

Since the hottest sirens are invariably sweet gals at heart, you won't be too astonished when I inform you that Jean Harlow hankers for naive games. The kind that require pencil and paper and fifteen minutes to fill in the squares are her meat. She can get you into the most hilarious frame of mind with her answers when she has to concentrate on strange names of rivers, cities, and motor cars. "Amateur Poets" is her newest invention. I'm still hazy as to what it's all about—so just mail her a fan letter for the laugh-provoking details. Jean is also a whiz at "Who Am I?" This is as easy to play as Coffeepot. You assume that you're Queen Victoria, for example. Then you must truthfully reply to all the crowd's queries until someone stumbles upon your identity. To go to town with Coffeepot, which is Ginger Rogers' hobby when she isn't wound up with Monopoly, you think of any verb. The ensemble questions you, i.e.: "Who did you coffeepot last? . . . Does your mother object to your coffeepotting so frequently?" This is the one game in which the fellow who's It has the laughs. You can readily gather what quaint insinuations can be innocently made!

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone possess the loveliest garden of any members of our Exciting Set. A gorgeous pool stretches invitingly between a Colonial bath-house and their little theatre. White lounging chairs, parked under green parasols alongside gay coffee tables, are adroitly lighted by hidden lights. There is a badminton court and a convenient ping-pong outfit flood-lighted towards the rear. Altogether this is a private paradise, a midsummer night's dream Hollywood version. After you've tired of swimming and chatting, Joan fillips your tummy with a cocktail and canapes. And then satisfies your dramatic urge by ordering a film unreeled in her theatre.

At Glenda Farrell's you encounter a garden "furnished" as carefully as the inside of her house. Colored lights peep out of the grass. A tiny white piano is always tinkling. If you select one of the white love benches you're in the most comfortable seat. But we can't tarry at Glenda's very late. Some merry gossip, a snack, and ta-ta. For Glenda is an early-to-bedder. She relishes ten hours sleep even on summer nights and she's sufficiently strong-willed to see that she gets it!

A leisurely dinner, cooked by a splendid chef and enlivened by brilliant conversation is the program at Sylvia Sidney's apartment. She has a Capehart and always sets it with the sort of music which particularly appeals to her honored guest. She secretly inquires—that's how she learns your preferences! Then you're in for a steady flow of soothing melody. Considerate?

Anna Sten lives right at the beach and she drags out her guitar to inspire you. A Russian repast and then Anna is softly humming to the emotional strains she picks out. The trick is one that clicks—soon we're all harmonizing.

I mustn't omit Hollywood's summer night barbecues. Gene Raymond is so snazzy that he has his barbecue pit outlined in an indirect lighting color which matches his adjoining swimming pool. His Sunday evenings are so popular that he has to alternate invitations. Taste his barbecued ham and comprehend why! Dick Powell, who has a similar pit-and-pool set-up, personally cooks for you—when he's fond of your company. Of course, I never can depend upon what the feed will be. I hope you can drop in when he's turning out scrambled eggs Mexican. If your partner for the event eats the red hot peppers and garlic you may let yourself go.

Virginia Bruce will have you pinning on the donkey's tail (honest!) if you join her circle. Cary Grant and Mary Brian will seriously advise you to take dreamy drives, and I wouldn't be surprised if they've hit upon the best method to pass the hours when mundane matters cease to be important. Gracie Allen believes in gathering the gang around the piano for a repertoire of Auld-Lang-Syne tunes. Errol Flynn is cuckoo about Red Dog, a card game in which he can take terrific chances. Basil Rathbone, the always urbane, recommends Chess and Russian Bank. Fred MacMurray's wife, the former Lillian Lamont, cooks a supper that Freddie maintains can't be beat by any woman alive. Afterwards they do the dishes—and sometimes, when your all-in-all is applying the dish-towel, this is an ideal summer night recipe. But as for me? I feel like a feather in the breeze at the moment—so I am scooting over to a certain star's badminton court. We may end up on Hollywood's old ox road—I mean, atop Lookout Mountain. That's where Dick Powell and Joan Blondell go to gaze at the Neon splendor which spreads so breathtakingly below.

The Summer Hostess

[*Continued from page* 15]

molded salads, which add desirable eye-appeal.

I am a great believer in using your kitchen for buffet suppers. It not only simplifies the serving problem but adds the much desired air of informality which is the secret of all successful buffet suppers.

A combination I have found popular is made up of a variety of thinly sliced, cold meats; small individual, handled pots of baked beans—always a favorite with men—served hot or cold, though I prefer them straight from the oven. It makes the "hot spot" I mentioned earlier for the buffet supper. With this serve brown bread and celery stuffed with a tangy cheese. I usually wash and separate a stalk of celery and stuff each stalk with cheese, pressing one into the other until the original stalk is recreated. Tie this together, place in refrigerator until well chilled and then cut with a very sharp knife into slices ½ inch thick. And don't neglect the olives . . . lots of them, stuffed olives of all kinds, Queen olives, ripe olives . . . and several kinds of pickles. There must be a variety of cheese and sliced breads to enable the guests to make up sandwiches of their own choosing. A fruit salad of all the fresh, seasonable fruits served with a fluffy whipped cream dressing will serve the double purpose of salad and dessert.

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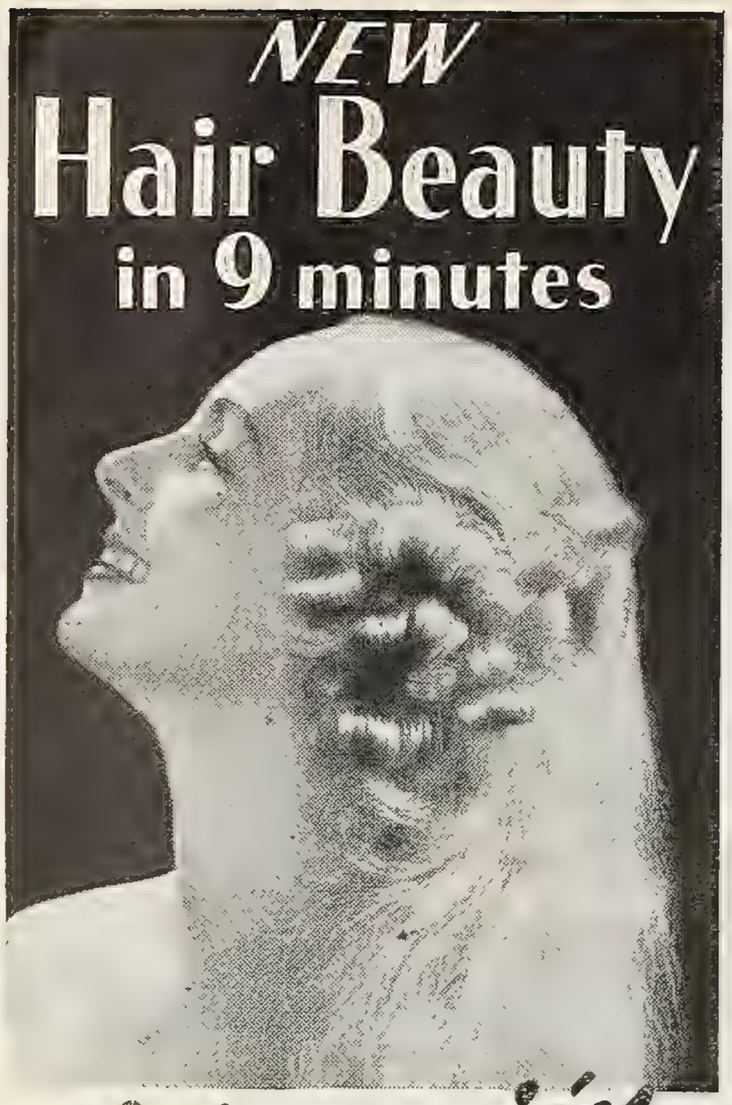
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WHIPPED CREAM DRESSING

¼ cup pineapple juice
¼ cup sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¼ cup whipped cream
2 eggs

Beat eggs well, add sugar, pineapple and lemon juice. Cook in double boiler until thick. Cool. Whip cream and fold in just before serving.

No buffet supper is complete without stuffed eggs. Aside from the usual well known deviled egg type try removing the yolks and mixing with a heavy cream sauce. Season with fresh grated horseradish root and fill eggs. Over tops place strips of pimento, trellis fashion, garnish with a bit of cress. Also, blend yolk with an olive mince. Add vinegar and salt to taste and fill eggs. These two recipes are from the Lionel Barrymore kitchen and he vouches for their excellence.

Una Merkel likes her buffet southern style. She starts with a brandied fruit cocktail, prepared by soaking fruit in brandy about half an hour before serving. Next comes fried chicken and hot biscuits or Saute Chicken with Bread Sauce. The biscuits can be made with prepared flour in about 10 minutes. For saute chicken dip cut up frying chicken into a slightly beaten egg and then into a mixture made of ¾ cups flour, 1 tsp. curry powder, ¼ tsp. dry mustard, 1 tsp. salt, ½ tsp. pepper, ⅛ tsp. thyme. Brown in about 3 tablespoons butter, cover and allow to cook slowly for about 40 minutes. Bread sauce is made by taking 4 slices bread, ½ inch thick, 3 small sliced onions, 2 cups milk, 1 cup water, ½ tsp. peppercorns, 1 tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. thyme and simmer until onion is reduced to a pulp. Rub mixture through a sieve, add 2 tbsp. cream and 3 tbsp. butter, cook until thick and serve over chicken.

She serves shredded raw carrots with a mayonnaise flavored with orange juice instead of vinegar or lemon; cold asparagus tips with a dressing made of 3 cups of vinegar, chopped parsley, 1 chopped hard-boiled egg, dash of paprika, 1 tsp. onion juice. And always there must be that famous Southern dessert standby, Syllabub, which is nothing more than Sweetened Whipped cream flavored with a combination of sherry wine and rye whiskey. This may be served in frappe glasses or, if beaten very stiff, in meringue shells, bought from any bakery. Coffee is served with dessert.

And there, my dears, you have enough ideas to last you throughout the remaining and worst of the hot season. Much of this can be carried over into other seasons and used by the busy housewife or the career woman to whom time, economy and graciousness are important to make her a successful hostess.

Only A "Bit" Girl

[*Continued from page* 53]

would say, "Give it to Jewell . . . she always turns in a good performance." All of which got her nowhere.

To recall that unhappy period pains her even today. "I was up for more parts during my year with Metro than any other actress on the lot," she says, "but something always interfered with my being cast. Life then was just one disappointment after another. I suffered so many disappointments and slaps in the face that I almost became accustomed to them."

Not because of any lack of ability did Isabel fail to win good rôles. Sometimes her size—she's only five feet tall, you know, and weighs considerably under one hundred pounds—prevented her filling a part. Other elements out of her control, too, were responsible. The studio knew she was a splendid actress, knew the great potentialities that lay in the palm of their hand. Isabel was doomed, as have been other fine actresses before her, for one reason—the studio paid no heed to her.

This practice, through which so many talented players have fallen by the wayside, is attributable to no one factor. It is merely a condition that exists in Hollywood. It cannot be explained, other than downright heedlessness on the part of studio executives. More times than one have capable actors and actresses suffered through its prevalence. Sometimes they are found before it is too late; on other occasions their careers vanish into thin air, while less talented players forge ahead.

Fortunately for Isabel, the studio did not exercise its second option on her services and she was thus enabled to regain the identity that seemingly had been lost in the studio shuffle. But during this period a tragedy was to enter her young life.

Her beloved father, ever so close to her heart, lost his eyesight. One of Wyoming's most famous doctors, he had waged a losing fight for years against failing eyesight, and when Isabel took him to her home in Hollywood he could not see even the gold of his daughter's hair.

For months on end, then, Isabel tended her father faithfully, while Los Angeles' ablest eye specialists worked to avert this tragedy in a family that once had been so gay and carefree. Months of mental suffering left their mark temporarily on this youthful actress, who had so much to offer but whom Hollywood was passing by.

There came the day that Metro announced it would film "Tale of Two Cities." The story of how Isabel got the rôle of the little dressmaker in the picture serves admirably to illustrate the courage and tenacity that has finally won this girl her place in the Hollywood sun.

After camping on the office step of David Selznick daily for weeks, Isabel finally convinced the producer that he should give her a test for the part. The test accordingly was made and apparently she qualified. With that off her mind, the harassed Miss decided she would hop to New York for a brief holiday before starting work.

Scarcely had she arrived in the east, however, than trade papers announced that another girl would play the seamstress. Isabel's blue eyes popped. She reached for a telephone and in a few moments was talking to Producer Selznick over long distance.

"What's this about another girl going to play my part?" she asked.

"Well, Isabel," explained Selznick, "we changed the character slightly. Sorry. Better luck next time."

"Wait a minute!" shot back the Jewell. "What makes you think I can't do it with the changes?"

"Well . . ." began Selznick, but he got no further.

"I'm taking the next plane for Hollywood," Isabel told him. And she did, leaving her hotel within an hour. Once more in Hollywood she persuaded the studio to give her another test, and won the rôle!

Peering again into the far horizon, Isabel, to her delight, discovered it lay not so far away. Gradually, and steadily, she was approaching the line that once seemed so far distant.

"Ceiling Zero" offered her an opportunity of which she took full advantage. It was during the filming of this picture that she

read James Hilton's "Lost Horizon," and immediately was consumed with a desire to appear in the production should it ever reach the screen.

Then . . . wonder of wonders, Frank Capra sent for her, to test her for one of the important parts in the picturization of the book. Almost concurrently with this action, her father began to regain his eyesight. Moreover, out of a clear sky the owner of the house she had been eating her heart out to occupy, since first she had entered it two years previously, decided to go to Europe and offered the picturesque little bungalow to Isabel. And . . . Capra, for whom she would give years off her life to act, gave her the part in "Lost Horizon"!

Lost horizon? Found horizon!

Peculiarly, a strange parallel is to be drawn between Isabel Jewell, the actress, and Isabel Jewell, as Gloria Stone, in the production of "Lost Horizon." Both have been searching for peace of soul and attainment of ambition, and simultaneously both find these qualities. All the more wonderful is the fact that Isabel Jewell, the woman, arrived at her goal, as she was enacting the part of the girl in the picture, with a similar object in mind.

As you undoubtedly know, "Lost Horizon" has topped all best-selling book lists for months. Its translation onto the screen is a worthy, but daring, feat.

Telling a deeply-moving story of a group of persons who have found real peace, most of the action of the picture unfolds high up in inner Tibet, in Shangri-La, whither Isabel Jewell, Ronald Colman, star of the picture, John Howard, Edward Everett Horton and Thomas Mitchell have been borne via airplane . . . kidnapped as they were evacuating Baskul, a settlement somewhere on the Chinese frontier, before an approaching horde of ravishing native demons.

Ruled by a High Lama, who is said to be three hundred years old, Shangri-La is a garden of contentment, a spot free from the greed and fears of a world gone mad with avarice, where life goes on forever. Into this idyllic state the little group is transplanted. Colman, a famous explorer held high in the esteem of the British Empire, learns that he has been abducted at the suggestion of Jane Wyatt, a girl who has read his books and gleaned from them that he was a man searching for peace . . . one who needed Shangri-La.

"The purpose of Shangri-La," Colman is told by the High Lama, "is to preserve the treasures of beauty. The time will come when brutality and lust for power must perish by its own sword. It is against that time that you were brought here. You cannot leave."

This rather formidable and philosophical but intensely fascinating premise has been taken by Director Capra and Robert Riskin, his scenarist, and woven into a script proclaimed by all who have read it as one of the most complete works ever to be fashioned into a picture. Certainly Frank Capra is exerting every force at his very facile command and from all indications the finished film will be one of the great pictures of the season.

"The mystic spell of the book seemed to extend even to the players," Isabel, who plays the best rôle of her career, observes, in touching upon the merits of the production. "I have never worked with a cast, either on the stage or screen, so imbued with an established mood. We were swayed by the book, but under Frank Capra's direction . . . we were inspired."

"Lost Horizon" is a fitting climax to the directorial career thus far of the Academy-winning Frank Capra. But, more particularly, it strikes its shaft straight home in the life of Isabel Jewell. Isabel has found her own Shangri-La!

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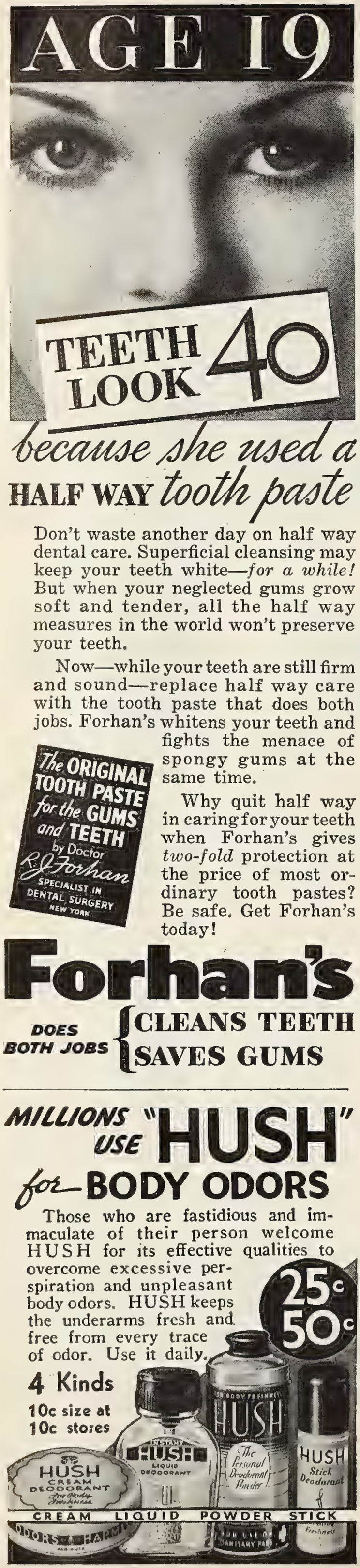
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Throw-Backs

[*Continued from page* 28]

on the Paradise dance floor in very revealing tights, while a few sequences later we find him on his knees thanking God that he has found her again and that she has been saved in the terrible earthquake. In Blackie Norton's veins there is a definite intermingling of two blood streams, good and evil, and when I approached Clark Gable with my spectacles on and asked for a scientific explanation he assured me that he played Blackie so convincingly because he was descended from both nasty King John of England, who just didn't care what he did to good and beautiful women, and also from Galahad the Pure, the knight in shining armor who started the gallantry gag—and that is what we might call a terrific intermingling. It must be awful to have two natures, good and evil, struggling in you. Personally I've never been bothered much with Sir Galahad.

W. C. Fields is naturally a descendant of the old Martini family, the branch which preferred onions to olives. After seeing Marlene Dietrich in "Desire" I am positive that she is descended from none other than the breath-takingly beautiful Galatea. And don't tell me that Galatea was a statue. I knew it all the time.

And when I approached Jimmy Cagney in regard to the ancestor who had helped him to portray one of his famous characters, he merely remarked that his most famous characterization, and the one that came most natural to him, was as the Ass in "Midsummer Night's Dream." Jimmy left me to draw my own conclusions, and now I shall leave you to draw yours.

Studio News

[*Continued from page* 11]

crushed to remain longer around here. The next thing I know Joe will be telling them that *I* was in the class that's having the reunion.

Even though I am working like the devil, for the most part everything is going so swell today I just can't stay crushed. Especially when on the next set I run smack bang into Barbara Stanwyck. She's sitting in her dressing room on the set reading and what a picture! Barbara may not be the foremost beauty on the screen but she's got plenty of looks for my taste—and class along with it. She has on what my guide describes as a modish black crepe suit and a black hat.

She glances up as I stand in the doorway gawking at her. "Well, for Pete's sake, look what's back!" she exclaims holding out her hand. "Park it. Did you have a nice trip?"

The next few minutes conversation wouldn't interest you readers because it was purely personal—or, at least, I like to kid myself it was. Then the assistant director sticks his head in the door and spoils everything. "We're ready," he announces.

So Barbara goes on to the set and I settle back to watch. In the picture she's no better than she should be. Bob Taylor, who plays opposite her, is hooked up with some doctor who's looking for the cause and a cure for a certain type of jungle fever. Bob knows he's probably never coming back so he's having ten last days in a riotous time before leaving for the jungle. He meets Barbara, they fall desperately in love and marry. His family raises quite a fuss about it on account of Bab's past. You can well understand, she doesn't want him to go after they're married. He takes her home and she's waiting in the library of the family's house. She's standing there looking at a picture of his mother (and she's quite a picture herself) when she hears the sound of footsteps descending the stairs. She hastily replaces the picture and turns as Bob and his brother (John Eldredge) enter. "This is my brother," Bob announces.

"How do you do?" John greets her coldly. "You'll excuse the——" indicating his dressing gown which he has hastily thrown on over his pajamas.

"Of course," Barbara agrees. The situation is tense and she's on her guard.

"I'm—er—sorry to have kept you waiting," Bob mutters, more ill at ease than ever. "How about a—er—cup of coffee?"

"No," Barbara announces. "I guess I can take it on an empty stomach. You're going?"

"Yes," Bob admits guiltily.

"That's all I wanted to hear," she answers, turning and starting out the door. "I had to know."

"Not so fast," Bob exclaims grabbing her by the arm.

"I don't think you realize," Eldredge begins. "This may affect Bob's whole life."

"What about mine?" Barbara shoots at him.

I know blamed well this won't get over as well on the screen as it did when they shot it. I wish you could all (both of you) have been with me on the set. I've been going to the theatre now for—well, you practically heard Santley say I was antedeluvian—and I've never heard or felt more drama—more tenseness put into a few words than Barbara got into that "What about mine?" Even the technicians on the set were spell-bound.

You'd think by this time we'd be through with M-G-M, wouldn't you? But, no! Far from it. There is "Old Hutch" starring Wallace Beery. This one was written by my



Una Merkel, Frank Sully and Walter Abel acting up for "We Went To College."



Although the title is "Sworn Enemy," Robert Young and Florence Rice find time to go into a clinch.

friend (or am I too presuming?) George Kelly who is recognized as America's foremost playwright, having authored such plays as "The Show-Off," "Craig's Wife," "Daisy Mayme," "Maggie, the Magnificent" (which featured Joan Blondell and James Cagney on the stage), "Behold the Bridegroom," "Philip Goes Forth," etc. Mr. Kelly is now in the enviable position of being able to say to producers, "I'm really not interested in that story" and turning it down. The fact that he was interested in doing this story for Beery speaks volumes for the story.

This one is just starting, too. It seems to be the kitchen of a shack where Beery and his wife (I hope) Elizabeth Patterson live. Miss P. is sweeping like mad and Mr. B. is sitting at the table gorging himself on watermelon and something else that I cannot determine. His dog is sitting right beside him, tongue drooling at every mouthful Wally takes.

"Oh, May," Miss Patterson exclaims in disgust as she rounds the corner of the table where the dog is sitting, "you're *always* in the way. You've had your breakfast."

The dog tucks tail and moves before the onslaught of the broom.

"Aw, why don't you let her alone?" Beery protests between mouthfuls.

"Because I want to sweep!" Miss P. snaps as she continues flourishing the broom.

"Here, May," Wally calls, deciding to drop the whole thing.

Mr. Beery and I have never been chummy since he got fussed up one day on the set of "The Big House" and Miss Patterson never remembers that she's met me at least a dozen times so there's no use lingering. But, with all respect to the departed, Miss Patterson is a darned sight better actress than Marie Dressler was, so they ought to make a swell team.

We finally reach the last set on the M-G-M lot. It is called "Sworn Enemy" and features Robert Young and Florence Rice.

Well, Florence is one of my very favorite people and I've had a soft spot in my heart for Bob ever since he was working on his first picture and took time out to tell me that he thought love scenes were supremely silly.

And imagine! In this picture Joseph Calleia is a gangster who puts his dough in a vault behind his bathroom and Bob (a secret service man) sets fire to the place knowing Calleia will rush to the place where the money is hidden. The scene I see is a clinch in the vault between Bob and Florence. They really put emotion into



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Our old favorite, Walter Huston, returns to us in "Dodsworth," with Ruth Chatterton playing his wife.

their work and just when I'm thinking that Florence (who is not only beautiful but too smart and too sweet) is lost to me forever and that Bob has completely forgotten his wife and baby, Bob looks up from the kiss and says to the director, "Am I covering Florence's face?" And Florence says to the director, "Maybe if I swing my body a little more towards you we can both get our muggs in the camera." Romance in the movies!

It's the first time I've seen Bob since he returned from England. "I made one picture over there," he tells me, "and was all set to come back. We'd left the baby at home and naturally were anxious to get back to her. We had our stuff all packed and our tickets bought. I was called to the studio and they told me they had made arrangements with M-G-M for me to stay over and do another picture with Jessie Matthews. It wasn't an easy thing to go home and tell my wife we weren't leaving but there wasn't much I could do about it. We had a swell time over there, but four months is a little too long to be away from the baby. She had grown two inches and learned to talk while we were gone. As soon as we finish this picture I'm going out of town for ten days."

"You mean," I ejaculated, "they have nothing lined up for you when this finishes," because Bob works more constantly than almost anyone on that lot, going from picture to picture with hardly a day between.

"Not for a couple of weeks," he grins. "I think in some way my name must have got off the list of contract players for a few days and they forgot about me. It's dollars to doughnuts, though, I'll be called back for re-takes."

Commiserating with him over the uncertainty of actors' vacations, I shake hands, tell Florence goodbye and head for—

United Artists

TWO pictures going over here. One is "The World Is Mine," being made by the Pickford-Lasky Company. This features Nino Martini and James Blakeley.

The picture is a nonsensical affair about a Mexican bandit chief (Leo Carrillo) who sees an American gangster film and decides to inject American underworld methods into his business. He kidnaps Ida Lupino and her fiancée, Blakeley (weakling son of a multi-millionaire). Carrillo thinks they are married, turns his quarters over to them and locks them inside. That's where we come in.

Lupy thinks the whole thing is a gay adventure and she is resolved to make the best of it, posturing in front of a mirror in a big ten gallon sombrero and a serapé. Mr. Blakeley is gazing out the window, eyeing the murderous looking guards. "Not a chance of escaping," he opines. "A fine mess you've got us into."

"I?" Lupy repeats in astonishment, posing in front of a mirror.

"Yes, you," he snaps. "Getting fresh with that gun play on the road. I'm in a spot, I tell you——"

"But not such a bad spot, after all," she comforts him. "We're all right so far and"—as though in a final appeal to her former ideal of him—"Bill, we're both in it together, aren't we?"

"No, we aren't," he whines, failing her again. "I'm the one they want. He said he'd cut my ear off." He starts towards the window again but turns from it, the last shred of his nerve about to snap. "They'd shoot me down like a dog. And that *Chivo* chap (Martini) at the door with a rifle. If you only hadn't insulted him."

"My fault again, eh?" Lupy blazes, beginning to be fed up with him.

"Be reasonable, can't you?" Jim begs.

"Reasonable?" she repeats scornfully.

"Look here, Jane," he begins. "*Chivo* isn't a bad sort. He's different from these other toughs. He might help us out—if you'd only be decent to him."

"I couldn't be decent to him," Lupy announces, "if they kept me here for life."

But she's wrong. Before the picture is over she falls in love with him, which only goes to show you—show you—well, something, anyhow.

Serene in the knowledge that Love Will Find A Way, I saunter over to another

stage where Samuel Goldwyn is producing "Dodsworth" with Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton. It's about a rich American business man who sells his business to take his wife abroad. She wants a fling at life. We pick them up in the library of their home.

"I won't be put on the shelf by my daughter," Chatterton announces airily, "when I can still dance longer and better than she can. I've got brains and thank heavens I still have looks. Why, nobody," she goes on hopefully, "takes me for more than thirty-two. Thirty, even," she ventures when Huston doesn't laugh in her face. "Oh, Sam," coming towards him and putting her arm around his neck, "I'm begging for life. No," smiling, "I'm demanding it!"

"I see how you feel," Huston agrees. "All right. I'll enjoy life if it kills me—and it probably will."

When they rehearse the scene Miss Chatterton says, "I'm demonding it" but when they take it she manages to get out an "a" you can recognize, although I'm sure it gave her indigestion. In justice to her, though, with her make-up on she really doesn't look over thirty-two—or thirty, even.

Huston is one of the really intelligent people in this business. We chat for a few minutes about the plays he appeared in before he entered pictures. One of them, "Mr. Pitt," I remember vividly and suggest it would make a good picture.

"I know darned well it would," he agrees. "When we did it on the stage the last act was wrong but now Zona Gale, the author, writes me that after twelve years she has found the right ending."

There's irony for you! The book is forgotten, the play is only remembered by a few people and *now* she finds the right ending!

Life is not all happy endings—or even "right" endings, dear readers. If it were, I'd be through for the month. Instead, I drag my weary carcass to—

Paramount

FIRST over here, we have "The General Died At Dawn." I can't see where the



A scene from "The World Is Mine," with Ida Lupino and James Blakeley.

great advantage is in having him killed at dawn any more than at dusk, but who am I to appear captious?

The story has something to do with a Chinese revolution. This scene I see is not a terribly important one. Gary Cooper and Madeline Carroll enter the diner. The steward at the far end holds up two fingers and Gary, taking Miss C's arm, walks her forward, glancing at the people right and left as he passes them. He sees someone of interest and calls her attention to it by squeezing her arm. She looks in the direc-

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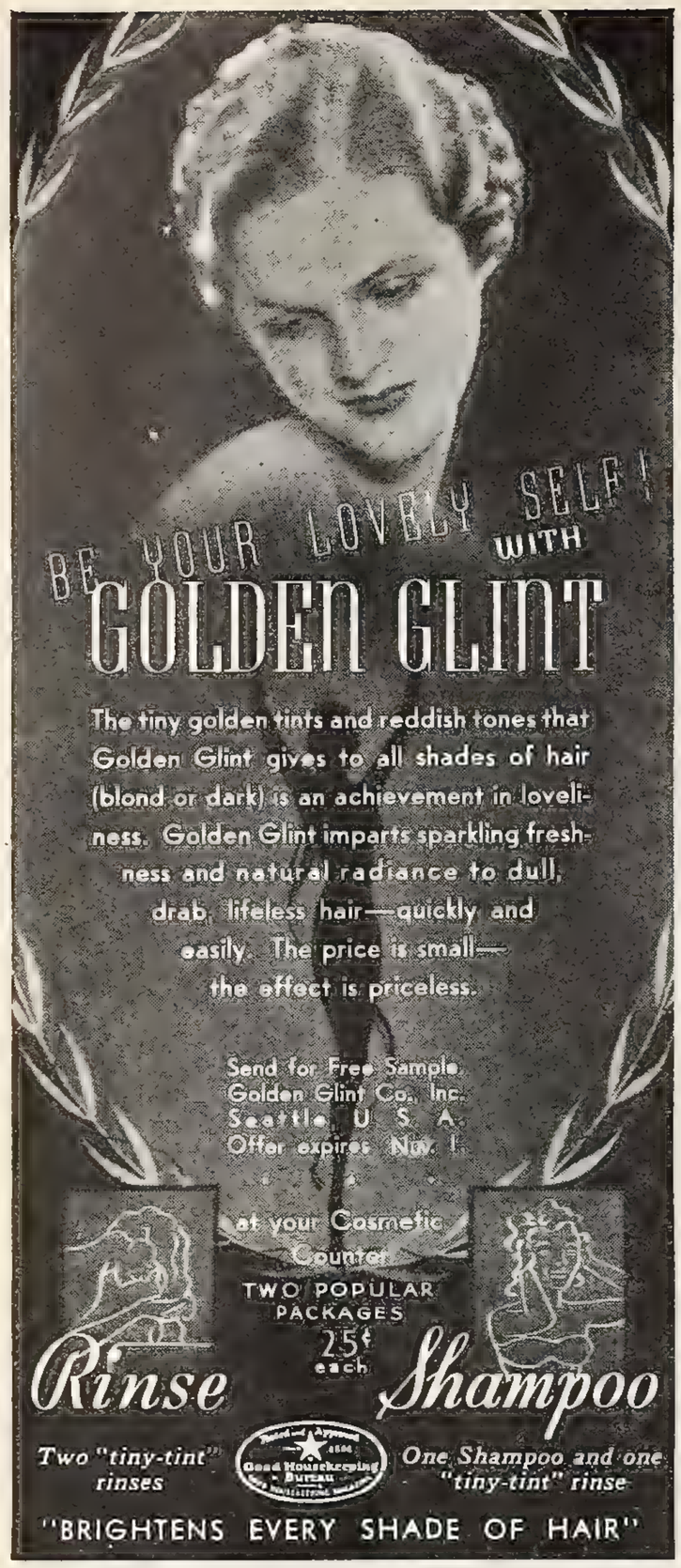
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tion he indicates and sees a Chinese mandarin. He is eating gravely and slowly, looking like a chewing goat.

"Looka' him," Gary urges. "He's just giving life a trial to see if he likes it." They pass on and see a British gentleman in a linen suit who looks disapprovingly at Gary. "He's playing hookey from a padded cell," Gary cracks.

"You're just full of jokes, aren't you?" Madeleine smiles.

"Why not?" he retorts. "I don't meet a good girl in ten years and now you expect me to be dumb." By this time they've reached their table and Gary helps her into her chair. "So eat your cabbage," he admonishes her, "and don't stick pins in poppa!" To the waiter as he sits down—Gary, I mean, not the waiter, "Dinner—and hurry it up."

That's about all there is to the scene. The space inside the diner is so cramped I can't get in so I just send Gary the cigarette he always mooches from me and start to leave. On the way out I run into Porter Hall, who plays Gary's father. "Having fun?" I ask brightly, knowing it is ninety in the shade outside and about 110 degrees inside under the lights.

Mr. Hall gives me a withering look. "I can't see," he grumbles, "why I had to get up and come to work this morning when I just got killed last night."

As I often say, "that's the movies for you."

Next we have "A Son Comes Home." This story really has a swell plot and a fine cast—Mary Boland, Julie Haydon, Wally (Slim) Ford, Donald Woods, Anthony Nace and others.

Mary, with her adopted daughter (Julie) runs a chowder house on Fishermen's Wharf in San Francisco. She is called "Angel of the Wharves" because of her many kindnesses. Her son (Nace) has disappeared from home years before and she has never heard from him since, although she has never given up hoping he will return. One night in a driving rain, Woods (a hitch-hiker) bums a ride from Nace. On the way to Frisco they drive into a filling station where Nace holds up the attendant and then shoots him. Woods manages to kick the gun out of Nace's hand. A car is heard approaching and Nace beats it, leaving Woods to face the music.

Woods reads the story of Mary's life in the paper and decides to pose as her son. Then the police pick him up for the hold-up of the gas station. Naturally, if the filling station attendant dies before he can identify Don as the man who was only with his attacker, the police will think Don did it, as he was found by the fallen man. A detective and lawyer are taking Don, Mary, Julie and Wally Ford to the hospital to see the wounded man. In the corridor outside the door they pause. The seriousness of the moment comes over them. "Come on, son," Roger Imhoff (the lawyer) urges. "It shouldn't take long."

Woods turns appealingly to Mary. She grasps his arm tightly. "We'll wait for you out here," she promises. "Good luck, son."

Imhoff knocks at the door and it is opened by the doctor. His manner is grave as he steps out. "This is my client, doctor," Imhoff announces. "May we go in?"

The doctor gives the boy a quick, disdainful glance and then, bowing slightly, makes way for them to enter. Don goes in and stops still in his tracks, his whole body becoming rigid as he sees the man is dead!

There's nothing funny about death to me so I don't stop to gab. It's Miss Boland's first serious rôle since she entered pictures and I know she'll be good in it. Julie Haydon is always good and so is Wally, who has recaptured that "high school figure."

Now we come to "Lady Be Careful" which is adapted from "Sailor Beware." Once this was supposed to be a musical starring Bing Crosby, the idea being he could get any girl he wanted just by singing to her, but Bing no likee. So now they've left it somewhat as it was and Lew



The Chinese revolution does not seem to bother Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll while they order their lunch in this scene from "The General Died At Dawn."



A dramatic moment in "A Son Comes Home," with Donald Woods, Roger Imhoff, Mary Boland, Wallace Ford and Julie Haydon.

Ayres plays the irresistible *Lothario*. Just at this point a group of gobs are gathered below deck on a battleship. Buster Crabbe, in a marine's uniform, is telling them how it's done.

"Of course," he spouts off, "any of you boys that want to is welcome to watch my technique—and any little point that ain't clear to you, just come right up and ast me. But the main thing is to watch my work, then practice in your spare time. You'll be surprised what an improvement one week will show." He stalks majestically out of the place followed by all the gobs except Lew and Benny Baker.

Benny gazes resentfully after Buster. "You know," he remarks, "sometimes I think I don't like that guy—and other times I'm sure of it." He turns to Lew. "Coming with me? I'll wait."

"You go ahead," Lew says. "I'm going to rent a boat and do a little fishing." He opens a box and starts winding up some line.

"No use going ashore alone, Dud," Benny says plaintively. "The dames don't give me a tumble."

"Well, you never see 'em lined up waiting for me, do ya?" Lew retorts. "I don't click, either."

"Gee," Benny says wistfully, "I wish I could rub a lamp and get handsome."

"A lamp!" Lew cracks. "Boy, you'd have to rub a lighthouse."

When the scene is finished I congratulate Lew on the picture he directed recently, "Hearts in Bondage." It turned out to be a fine picture and he has had a number of directorial offers since then. In the meantime this part came up and any of you who saw the show know what a great part it is. If they've done a good job of adapting it to the screen it ought to put Lew right back where he was a few years ago.

The last one on this lot is "The Texas Rangers" with Fred MacMurray, Jack Oakie, Jean Parker and Lloyd Nolan. None of them are working this scene.

This scene has to do with Jed Prouty as a timid prosecutor who is addressing the jury. "If Mr. Higgins," Prouty quavers, "is guilty, he should be punished. On the other hand, defendant says he killed in self defense. No one but Ira Johnson saw the shooting. He, sad to state, turned out to be a very poor witness. Therefore we don't want to hang an innocent man or send him to jail. So you must weigh the evidence very carefully."

Now, *that* is what *I* would call a very forceful summing up of the case. The high spot of the scene, however, is Richard Carle who used to star in some musical comedies called "The Tenderfoot" and "Jumping Jupiter." In this scene he doesn't say a word but it is a scream watching the expressions of his face.

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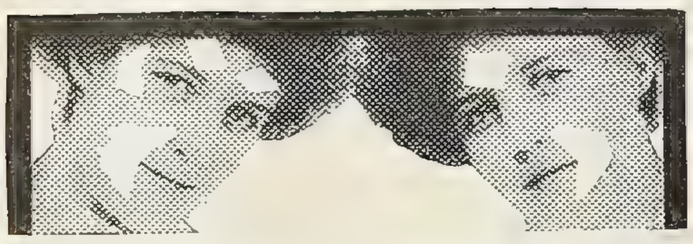
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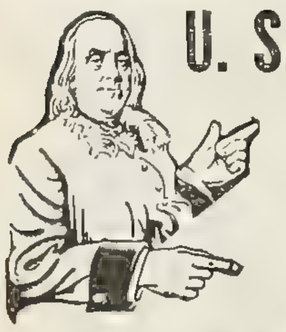
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"You know," I confide to my guide, "I used to run around with Dixie Lee before she ever met Bing Crosby and we were getting along swell until one night I sang her a song called 'I picked a lemon in the garden of love.' It was one of Mr. Carle's old songs."

"I'm not interested in Mr. Carle's old songs or your old romances," my guide freezes me, "and don't brag too much about going out with Dixie. Whatever her taste in fellows was in the past, she's reformed."

Here I am squelched again. Quite, quite dejected, I leave Paramount for—

R-K-O

THERE are only two pictures shooting here. One of them is "Mummy's Boys," starring Wheeler and Woolsey. That one is on location. The other is "Swing Time," starring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.



Out in the snow! Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire pause between taps in "Swing Time."

Fred is a bashful youth, engaged to one girl and in love with Ginger. She senses his feeling for her but doesn't know he's already engaged and he can't get up nerve to tell her. One night, in the dead of winter, he, Ginger, Helen Broderick and Victor Moore decide to motor up to an hotel called "The New Amsterdam" in the Adirondacks for dinner. But when they reach there they find the *New* Amsterdam has fallen into decay and has been given over to the spiders these many years. There are fir trees and pines and cedars all about—all of them covered with snow. Helen and Vic wander off somewhere and here are Fred and Ginger in a little summer house, practically freezing to death. The movies again for you. Snow on the ground and a temperature of 110. Fred doesn't want to be left alone with Ginger on account of the predicament he's in. He tries to discourage her from going into the summer house.

"I'll bet it's drafty," he hazards.

"Oh, let's sit down here," Ginger suggests, seating herself.

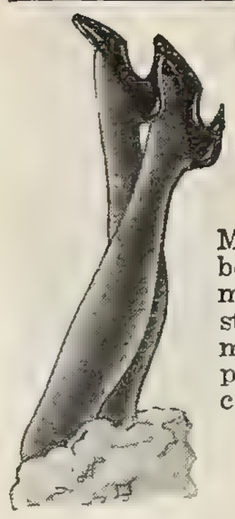
"All right—if you won't be too cold," he agrees reluctantly, seating himself beside her.

Ginger looks at him curiously and snuggles up. "I *am* a little cold," she encourages him.

"Flap your arms," Fred suggests, jumping up. "That'll restore circulation." He grabs her arms and flaps them vigorously. "Makes me feel warmer already."

"I doubt it," Ginger cracks.

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"Come on," Fred urges. "Stamp up and down." Vigorously he grabs her by the elbow and helps her into the movements. She slips and he grabs her with both arms so that she is nestling quite close to him. They both sigh in relief. After all, *they* can't help it if she slipped. Anybody's allowed *one* slip.

"You know," Ginger whispers through closed eyes, "if some people saw us like this, they might think there was something between us."

"Oh," Fred gasps in alarm, "I wouldn't want them to think that!"

"You wouldn't?" Ginger gasps in turn.

"Oh, no!" Fred stammers without realizing what he is saying. "That'd be terrible!"

It's hot in here, despite the snow, it's getting late, Ginger and Fred are way up on top of a hill in the summer house and I can't get to them. So I just wave and hurry around to—

20th Century-Fox

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is working here in something or other but the set is closed. Nobody of importance is working in "Sing, Baby, Sing" so I'll tell you about that one next month. We have left, "The Holy Lie," the title of which will probably be changed. Jane Darwell is the star of the picture. She is blind and lives in Austria, I believe. Her three children are in America and send her money to come over there in hopes something can be done to cure her.

One of them is Claire Trevor, whom Jane thinks is a musical comedy star. Claire is only a chorus girl. When her mother arrives, rather than disillusion her, Claire's pals, Arline Judge and Joyce Compton, kidnap the star and Claire plays the lead for one performance.

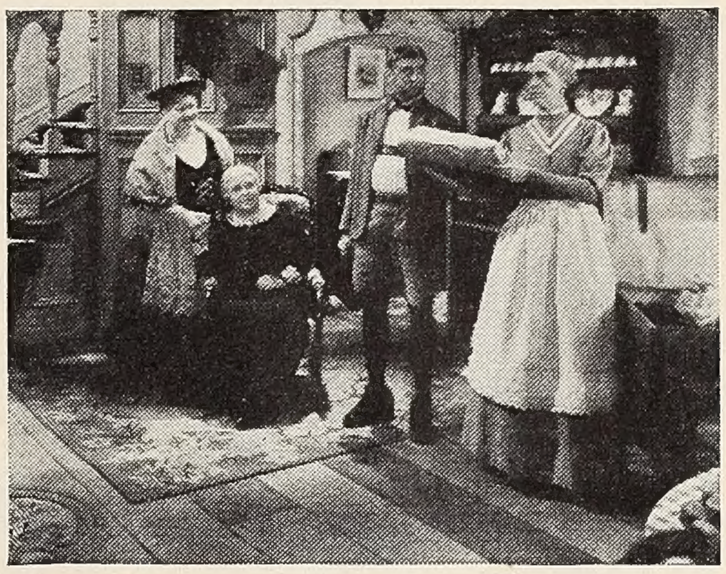
But I'm getting ahead of my story. Right now, Miss Darwell is sitting in her living room, just before she leaves for America.

Torbin Meyers, the saddle master, and his wife, Annette Lake, come in carrying packages.

"I brought you some cherry preserves to eat on the boat," Annette announces, placing a jar in Jane's hands.

"Thank you, Elsa," Jane smiles. "Everyone has brought me so many lovely things to eat I'll have to watch my diet. My daughters write me that in America it is fashionable to be thin."

"I like them fat, myself," Torbin quips, gallantly kissing his wife's cheek. "Frau Lind," he continues, "we wondered if you would be good enough to take this package to our son in America?"



Katherine Sheldon, Jane Darwell, Torbin Meyers and Annette Lake in "The Holy Lie."

"It's only half dozen shirts and a pipe," Annette chimes in eagerly.

"He lives near New York in a place called North Carolina," Torbin goes on. "The address is on it."

"I'll be glad to take it," Jane agrees. "Give it to Gretchen (Katherine Sheldon)."

"There's no room in the trunk," Kate snaps. "It's full of presents now, with everybody in town sending something to their relatives."

"Now, Gretchen," Miss Darwell coaxes, "I'm sure such a magician as you can find room for a little package like this."

So Gretchen dimples and smiles at the praise and I dimple and smile at Arline and Claire who are practicing a dance routine in another corner. But the dance director is driving them and there's no chance to talk. Consequently, I leave for—

Warner Brothers

THERE are a number of pictures in production here but nothing I can report. "China Clipper" with Pat O'Brien, Ross Alexander and Marie Wilson is shooting in front of the studio. A taxi rolls up, Ross and Marie step out and Ross dashes into the studio. Can you make any sense out of that?

I go on the set of "Stagestruck" where Joan Blondell and Dick Powell are supposed to be working. I wait there an hour and we have a grand time gabbing but nothing happens. I can't spend the day here so I leave.

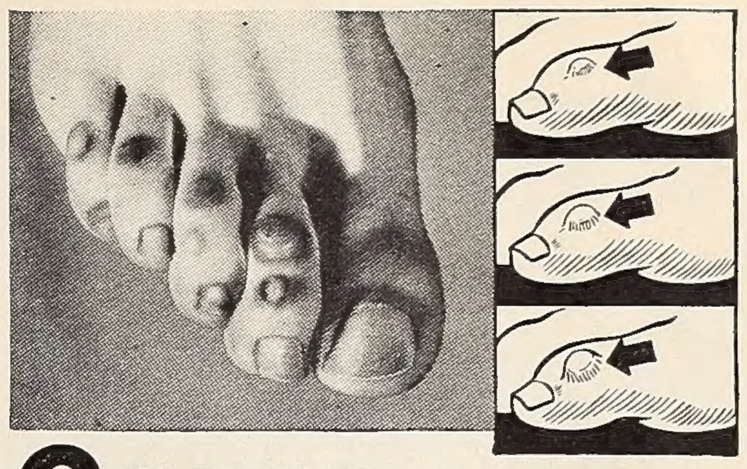
"Charge of the Light Brigade" I've told you about.

"Way for a Pirate" with Sybil Jason and Guy Kibbee is on location. So is "Polo Joe" with Joe E. Brown and "Cave-in" with Jean Muir and Barton MacLane (based on the recent mine disaster in which those three men were trapped).

The other one—"Three in Eden"—with Margaret Lindsay is on the process stage where no one is admitted. But next month, my friends, I'll give you a dose of Warner Brothers you won't soon forget.

I hotfoot it to Columbia but "Lost Horizon" is on location and there is nothing else shooting. I wend my weary way to Universal and there is not one company going.

There being nowhere else to go I totter home—and so to bed.



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The Final Fling



Robert Montgomery

AT THE annual Actors' Fund Benefit, which was held in Hollywood for the first time this year, due to the fact that all the actors are now in Hollywood, William S. Hart and Claudette Colbert received the most applause. "Bill" recited one of his famous poems about the last round-up, and Claudette and Clark Gable acted the hitch-hiking scene from "It Happened One Night." Director Frank Capra played the Alan Hale part—remember, he was the guy who finally picked the hitch-hikers up—and was so excited over "acting" in front of a big audience that he stalled the Ford car and had to be pushed off the stage. Among the people who whizzed past, refusing to give Miss Colbert and Mr. Gable a lift, was none other than Bob Montgomery in his fancy European car. As Bob passed, the Gable fingers ceased to make a hitch-hiking gesture, but instead made a gesture that connected with the nose.

* * * * *

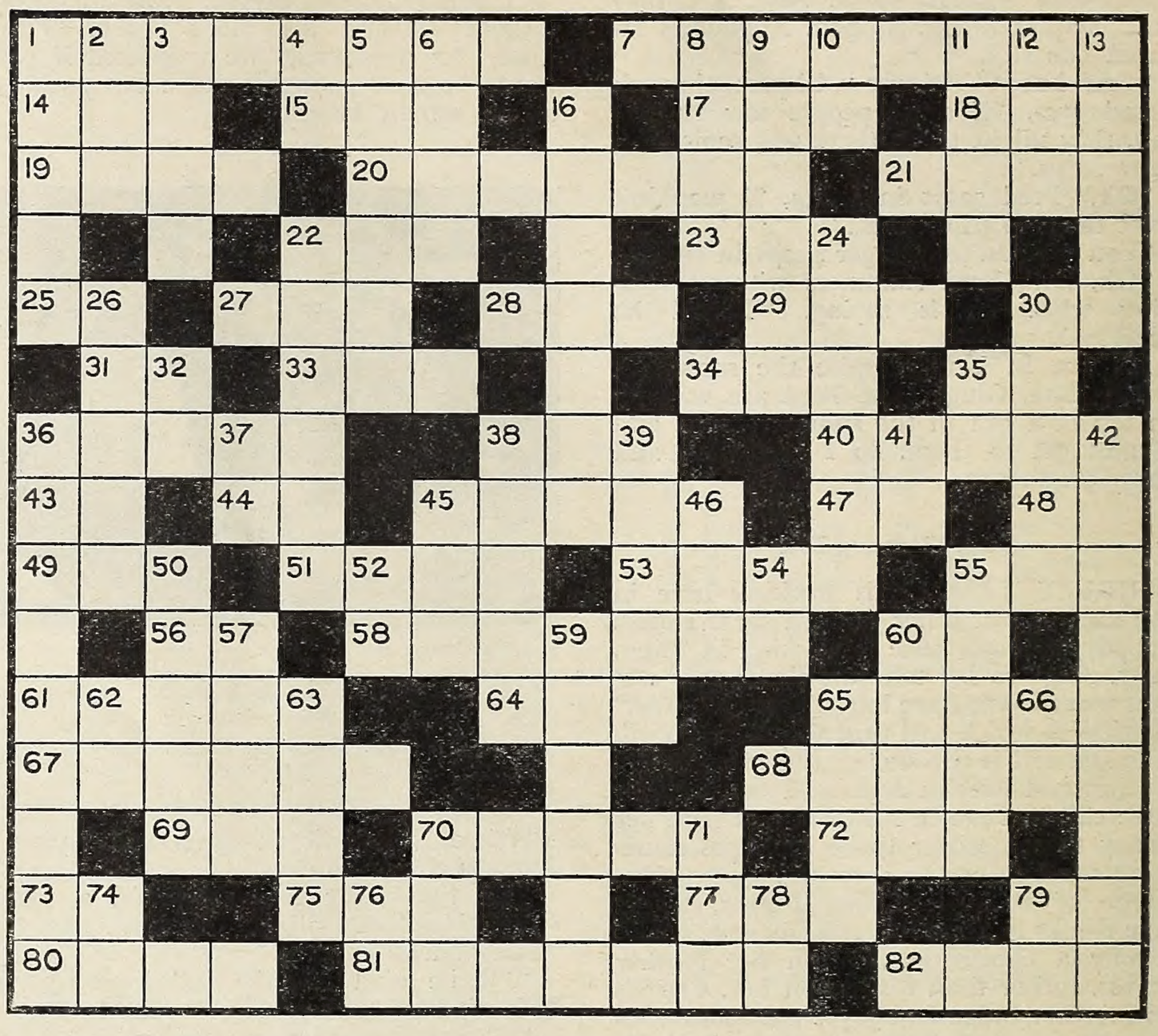
BUT the biggest laugh at the Actors' Fund Benefit occurred when Joan Blondell and Francis Lederer, astride a white horse, appeared on the stage to do a bit of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew." As far as Mr. Lederer was concerned the "act" was to be quite serious—but he had figured without Miss Blondell. The horse, unused to slippery stages, started sliding and balking all over the place and poor Joan, who doesn't like horses anyway, was frightened to death. While Francis was blithely reciting Shakespeare Joan muttered under her breath, "Say, get me off of the horse quick. To hell with the play." Quite unsuspecting, she happened to mutter right next to a "mike"—and the entire audience, even to the dollar seats, knew exactly how Miss Blondell felt about horses and Shakespeare.

* * * * *

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW licked the pants off of one of the kids in "The Devil Is A Sissy" who called him a sissy. But he had to take him behind an old abandoned set to do it because the director of the picture had issued strict orders for no one to fight with Freddie because it might mess his face up for the camera. But Freddie came through without a scratch and the director was none the wise. The pay-off, however, came that same afternoon when the director selected the same kid to kick Freddie in one of the scenes.

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



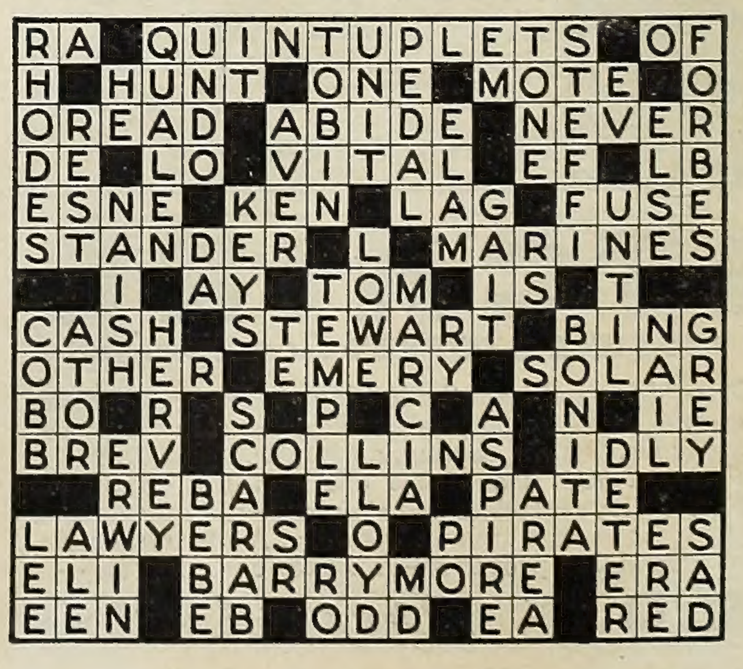
ACROSS

1 The bewitching French girl in "Sons o' Guns"
7 Now working with Robert Taylor in "His Brother's Wife"
14 A small boy
15 Mother of "Peer Gynt"
17 A feminine name
18 The first woman
19 Myrna Loy's fiance in "Petticoat Fever"
20 Garbo's next picture
21 She is Carole Lombard's sister in "My Man Godfrey"
22 Possessed
23 Deed
25 A suffix used to form the plural of some words
27 A small drinking vessel
28 Eccentric
29 His Royal Highness (abbr.)
30 Near
31 Symbol for titanium
33 Mrs. Joel McCrea
34 With Edward Arnold in "Sutter's Gold"
35 In a like manner
36 Ravenal in "Show Boat"
38 Sped
40 She hails from Helena, Montana
43 Upon
44 Perform
45 Chief magistrate of a city
47 A minced form of the word God
48 Physician (abbr.)
49 Observe
51 A gaseous element found in the air
53 She is one of Warner's lovely players
55 First name of a western hero
56 Denial
58 The big shot in "Bullets or Ballots"
60 Great (abbr.)
61 The frightened guardian in "13 Hours by Air"
64 Coal scuttle
65 In "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"
67 A very amusing comedian
68 With Bing Crosby in "Rhythm on the Range"
69 At a distant place
70 Whirls rapidly
72 Possessive pronoun
73 Our continent (abbr.)
75 Shortened form of masculine name
77 A person of an ancient race
79 Type measure
80 His next picture will be "Maytime"
81 Teamed with Mary Boland in "Early to Bed"
82 Boast

DOWN

1 The butler in "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford"
2 Statute
3 Lyric poems
4 Twenty-four hours (abbr.)
5 To flee from
6 Take precedence
8 She played in "Crime and Punishment"
9 A newcomer on the screen
10 America's greatest city (abbr.)
11 Period of time
12 One hundred and six (Roman)
13 The Canadian mounty in "The Country Beyond"
16 The "Public Enemy's Wife"
22 With W. C. Fields in "Poppy"
24 Quivering motion
26 Robert Taylor's father in "Small Town Girl"
30 The hateful mother-in-law in "The Case Against Mrs. Ames"
32 Within
35 Elder (abbr.)
36 In "I Married A Doctor"
37 A suffix denoting past tense
38 Cattle farm
39 Wanderer
41 Measure of length (abbr.)
42 Gene Ferguson in "Public Enemy's Wife"
45 Extinct bird
46 To move swiftly
50 Entrance
52 Type measure
54 That is (abbr.)
55 Adorns
57 Last seen in "Dracula's Daughter"
59 The aristocratic beauty in "Robin Hood of El Dorado"
60 Abbreviated form of feminine name
62 Western state (abbr.)
63 Ballad
65 Ostentatious
66 Prefix denoting from
70 French coin
71 Pronoun
74 Paid publicity
76 Speech of hesitancy
78 Our beloved country (abbr.)
79 Every (abbr.)

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle



THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., U. S. A.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND says:

"I'm true to Lux—it's Hollywood's pet care"



Watch the Luxables she wears in "ANTHONY ADVERSE"

WARNER BROTHERS insist that nothing but Lux ever touch any of the lovely costumes that are safe in water alone.

They look enchanting throughout the entire picture, even though scenes were taken days, even months apart!

"At home I'm just as insistent that Lux be used for all my personal things," declares Olivia de Havilland.

• • • • •

YOUR washables, too, can keep their dramatic freshness and "brand-new" look, if you insist on Lux. Cake-soap rubbing and soaps that contain harmful alkali tend to fade colors, weaken fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali—keeps things lovely *longer!*

● (Above) In Olivia's private life Lux plays a major role—protecting her lovely things.

● (Right) The gorgeous "Angela" becomes an opera star, while the real Olivia rockets to fame in costume parts.



● (Above) Olivia's lovely peasant Luxables in "Anthony Adverse" looked fresh as new after scores of "takes."

Specified in the big Hollywood studios . . . "Using Lux in the wardrobe room means a sizable saving," says N'Was McKenzie, wardrobe director at Warner Bros. "You'd be surprised how many of the glamorous costumes seen on the screen are actually Luxable. They come out perfectly."

Hollywood says: *"Don't trust to luck trust to Lux"*

When Irish Eyes are smiling . . .



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..all you could ask for

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